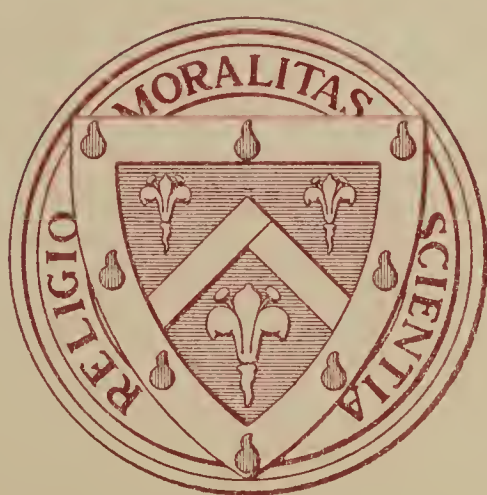


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COLLEGIAN



DECEMBER  
1936







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# UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN

By James Hinton '38

Herein lies the secret of it all; herein is the whole soul of the Christmas season — into the world's great lap each Christmas morn a tender babe is born. And simple mankind in childlike admiration and joyful adoration presses around the crib, each one eager to caress the precious Messenger — the Desired of Nations. At the lowly manger, confronted with the charm and innocence of His childhood, men's faith becomes human and homely, intimate and cheerful, receiving with childlike grace this astounding revelation of the Father of infinite majesty, as He essayed to make it to the infantile souls of men.

Such is Christmas in theory. The people of the Middle Ages approached making it universally so in fact. We have only to harken to their ancient yuletide customs and traditions to discover the naive simplicity of faith with which the medieval generations held the Feast of the Madonna and Child. With natural and innocent joy they stooped to drink of the springs of wonder, under the tree and beside the manger. They were filled with spiritual awe and tender love for that "Wonder never known, a King a Manger made His Throne." And to keep these sentiments alive, they erected their crib, represented the characters, and enacted in full the Divine Drama of the Incarnation. They sang Christmas hymns to welcome the little

Child to earth again each year even as did the angel choir with that first Gloria in Excelsis Deo. They showered alms upon the poor, and bounteous gifts upon their friends in honor of the One who gave so much to the world — His only Son. It was as if all mankind changed into a merry flock of prattling children for that one day, to praise, carol, and entertain the King of Infants, their Guest-friend and their Lord.

Nor was man alone in his remembrance of the Maker's birthday. It was believed that on the Holy Night there was a universal pause in nature, a profound silence pervading creation for a few moments, when the cattle ceased to feed, the night bird rested in its flight, and every creature joined in the singing of Happy Birthday, Dear Jesus.

"Cognovit Bos et Asinus  
Quod Puer erat Dominus."

Birds and beasts were depicted with Latin inscriptions coming from their mouths. The cock crows *Christus natus est*; the raven inquires *Quando?* The crow replies *Hac Nocte*. An ox moos *Ubi?* A lamb in the foreground bleats *Bethlehem*. The ass brays *Eamus*, and the parade begins.

Middle Age Christmas poetry, however, more than anything else reveals the tender, personal, and realistic note of the medieval Christmas. The poets were

not so sensitive to the majesty and glory of the Child as to the pathos of the divine paradox; this pierced their hearts more than the glory ruled their heads. When they knelt before the manger-throne they did not see a mighty King but a lovely, little Babe lying cold and helpless in the gloomy cave; man, woman, and child burned to take Him up and hug Him back to warmth. Even Coleridge centuries later caught the fine infection of this Divine Humanness when he mused of her, Mary of Bethlehem:

"Blessed, blessed, for she lay  
With such a babe in one blest bed,  
Close as babes and mothers lie!"

Thus we can see why the medieval poets even went so far as to write religious love lyrics to the new-born Child, mixing the divine with the human emotions.

The following is a typical medieval Christmas ballad, chosen here for its pure and unsophisticated tone. It tells of a kindly stork who left her own little brood behind and "flew far and fast" to comfort the Son of God. This ballad, written probably in the middle or latter years of the sixteenth century, was discovered in an ancient mansion on the edge of the Yorkshire wolds, scribbled on the fading flyleaf of a well-worn early edition of the first Prayer-Book of King Edward VI, published in 1549. The stanzas are given substantially as the first poet, evidently a saintly man, penned them.

#### The Storke

The storke shee rose on Christmas eue  
And sayed unto her broode,  
I nowe muste fare to Bethleem,  
To vieue the Sonne of God.

Shee gaue to eche his dole of mete,  
Shee stowed them fayrlie in,  
And farre shee flew and faste shee flew,  
And came to Bethleem.

Now were is he of Daud's lynne?  
Shee askd at house and halle.  
He is not here, they spake hardlye,  
But in the Maungier stalle.

Shee found hym in the Maungier stalle,  
With that most Holye Mayde;  
The gentyle storke shee wept to see  
The Lord so rudelye layde.

Then from her pauntynge brest shee  
plucked

The fethers whyte and warm;  
She strawed them in the Maungier bed  
To kepe the Lorde from harm.

Now blessed bee the gentil storke  
Forevermore, quoth Hee,  
For that shee saw my sadde estate  
And showed such Pytye.

Full welkum shal shee ever bee  
In hamlet and in halle,  
And hight henceforthe the Blessed Byrd  
And friend of babyes alle."

Aye, the friend of babies and not of Scrooges. Men and women of the modern age are prone to appear somewhat sophisticated, and to regard themselves as intellectually emancipated from all the pure instinctive attitudes and primitive modes of thought which constituted the genuine joy of the Middle Age yuletide. True, they may try to have a good time; they exchange "Merry Christmas" with their friends; they present and accept gifts. But do they really mean it? There is something lacking. They are holding something down. And the truth of it is that they are governed



## UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN

too much by King Industry and King Money, who are more interested in piling up material wealth and destroying this or that rival — individual or nation — than in building up those lasting basic treasures of peace and good will to men.

Yet, despite all this coldness, there is in the soul of every living man an eternal, latent boyhood! It may be seen to bubble up every year on the day of its Maker's birth. Men unconsciously acknowledge the Baby King of their souls whether they will or no. The time will come when that eternal bubbling boyhood of humanity will overflow completely. It is then that we are going to celebrate the First Great Christmas of the World. What a beautiful forecast of this long-looked-for Feast has not the Rev. Edward Shillito depicted!

"Between every land and Bethlehem there are caravans in movement. Sometimes it seems as though they were travelling under sealed orders: they do not know whither they are going: some of them may miss the trail, and waste their energies in the wilderness: but they are in movement... The Church has kept its own Christmastides: the Christian nations have come within hail of that Shrine, revealed at Bethlehem. But the world has yet to have *its* Christmas. Some day it will become true, not of the few rare spirits, but of peoples and tribes and nations, that they shall meet at one spiritual centre. For that we wait — without that all other Christmastides are unfulfilled. They

are but rehearsals unfinished... No Christmas is complete for any of the children of the world till it is shared by all. The last great Feast will not be begun till all the guests are met.

"Generation after generation passes, and still the day does not come. The hope is always deferred but never abandoned. Deeper than all that estranges man from man is the spiritual basis of his life. Beyond all the ambitions for which he fights his brother blindly as in the night, there is the unsatisfied longing, which will not let him go: and in that longing the nations are one. There is one Magnetic Centre which draws them. There must be at the last a meeting place, where they will find each other. There must come, soon or late, the First Christmas of the World."

And now, may the last word be his, who peering beyond the murky blindness of eyes smarting from the smoke and tears of war, saw in the distance the same blissful picture of lasting joy and peace, — the poet, Joyce Kilmer:

"The kings of the earth are men of might,—

And cities are burned for their delight,  
And the skies rain death in the silent night,

And the hills belch death all day!  
But the King of Heaven, who made them all,

Is fair and gentle, and very small;  
He lies in the straw, by the oxen's stall —

Let them think of Him today!

## OUR NEW WAY OF LIVING

By Robert Scheiber '39

During the past twenty years scientists and engineers have influenced to a great degree life as we know it. So true is this that were people of two generations ago to come back to earth they would have difficulty recognizing the vastly changed world of today. More than that, the shape of things to come in the future has been sketched by the late additions of science and engineering so that we of the present stand in amazement when we think of what is to be. The inventive genius of the last generation has created numerous and enormous powers, which have produced an entirely new way of living.

Several weeks ago a symposium of experts, each a nationally known practitioner in one of the skills which together have shaped the rough design of a new world, covered the whole range of modern life when they charted a new way of living for the American people. To such diehards who argue that science has been misapplied; that it is leading to a downfall of our morality, our people, and our nation as a whole, this brilliant symposium of experts offer as a solution to the changes which the advance of science necessarily demands the theory that the cure for misapplied science is more science. It is moreover, necessary for the modern world to grow up to its new way of living.

A brief summary of recent improvements and developments is quite in

place. The new way of living applies primarily to the home. It was in the home during the past two decades where the greatest majority of improvements paving the way for a better mode of living took place. The majority of Americans through the achievements of the past twenty years can now live in cheerful, beautiful homes, free from pollution and contamination through air conditioning; hear popular or classical music by the mere turn of a dial in the living room, the antennae of their instruments reaching out over the seas to every nation of Europe and even to the far East; enjoy cleanliness and sanitation because of improved methods of plumbing; have more congenial work through competent labor-saving devices; wear more attractive clothes as a result of mass production.

Outside of the home it seems that the greatest evidence of a forward march has been made in the advance of aviation. While there is still much room for improvement by the elimination of noise and vibration, by perfecting aerodynamic control at slow speed, and by making more safe the flying and landing of a plane in every conceivable weather condition such as sleet, fog and winds, planes weighing sixty tons have been flown; man has climbed into the sky to the height of nearly fourteen miles; has raced through the air at a speed of 448 miles; and has remained in the air without



## OUR NEW WAY OF LIVING

alighting for the stupendous distance of over 50,000 miles. This progress will continue until all the present deficiencies will be eliminated; it will not end until rocket trips will be made and aircraft will be as common as motor cars are today.

In the field of radio our attention has lately been turned to the development of television. Although television has been used, it has not been as yet perfected, and of course it is still not ready for commercialization. However, the time seems fast approaching when we should find the radio bringing us through the air sight as well as sound; while at present it may seem like a fantastic dream to actually witness in our radio the person who is speaking, singing, or acting at a distance of possibly five thousand

miles, judging from the speed with which the radio engineers are perfecting television, this fantasy should soon be a commercialized, accomplished fact.

What then? Now that our modern world, our country and we ourselves have the opportunity of a new way of living, we should consider it our aim to make the beautiful, wonderful idea a reality. Certainly a country which has the inventive genius, the masterminds to create, to develop and to produce the wonders of which we hear, which we see and about which we speak, must have the genius and the masterminds to make this new way of living a dream come true. To win the full fruits of the victories and discoveries of the laboratory, we as members of this modern civilization, must grow up to this new way of living.

## DRIVING IN THE RAIN

There is no pleasure greater than that one gets while driving in the rain. It makes one feel so snug, dry and comfortable. The idea of the rain beating and slashing against the windows and body of the car, yet unable to reach in and drench you with its downpour makes you laugh at its futile efforts. Your heart tingles with gladness and satisfaction, for you are outwitting nature by defending yourself from one of the elements.

Just think of the thrill and suspense one gets while driving in the rain. One can hear the tires whistle in rhythm with the rain — the music of the road. Oh, the thrill of the next curve when the

tires sing with greater vigor as the car struggles to master the road and the driver overcomes the handicap of not being able to see clearly. It makes one's mental and physical being perk up and come to life. One gets, too, the fresh air that is found only when it rains. And to sail along and see how the grass and flowers put on a more beautiful luster as they stretch forth their leaves to catch every little drop of rain.

The ability to outwit all of the obstacles at the same time and the concomitant enjoyment makes one feel that all things can be accomplished if one tries.

C. H. '40

## ALMOST LOST

By Richard J. Trame '38

A biting January blizzard swept furiously through the quiet, sleeping town of Motton, Illinois, as Ina awoke, thankfully realizing that still fifteen minutes remained before the alarm would call her from beneath the warm blankets. Nevertheless, she hurriedly jumped to the floor and switched off the alarm lest the clatter should disturb her invalid brother, Gene.

In her yet drowsy mind the dawning day was slowly arranging itself into many busy hours. Ina's Saturdays were always that way. They meant baking, cleaning, bathing, besides a seemingly endless stream of trifling errands that joined together to make Saturday a woman's most strenuous day.

Dressing hastily Ina ran downstairs and with a cheerful smile greeted her aged mother.

"Good morning, Ina dear. You're up rather early after being out so late last night, aren't you?"

"Mother, I had the grandest time of my life last night and met the most distinguished gentleman I've ever seen," answered Ina, sparkling with the memory of the previous night. "He lives in New York."

"In my mind George Darron makes a very capable escort for my daughter," stated Mrs. Bantley decisively.

"Oh, George is all right, but Mr. Morris is so much more fun."

"Funny men usually make poor husbands, my child."

Turning surprised eyes toward her mother Ina replied warmly, "I'm not looking for a husband."

"You should be. You're old enough now and quite attractive," advised Mrs. Bantley calmly.

Ina was neither beautiful nor sophisticated; she was simply attractive. At twenty-two she was keenly alive and possessed extraordinarily bewitching eyes under slanting dark brows. Her definitely molded face was arrestingly vivid with its high cheekbones and well-shaped mouth. Her creamy white shoulders rose out of her green smock with clean purity of line, making a striking contrast to her smooth black hair and the darkness of her long slightly-tilted eyes.

The aroma of hot coffee and the raised voices of the women awakened Gene from his dreams. "Say, sis; I'm awake, so you can bring up my breakfast any time now. I'm practically famished," called down the bedridden youth.

With brightening features Ina answered, "Just a minute until I finish mine." Though Gene required a great deal of attention Ina loved him tenderly and delighted in keeping him constantly smiling.

"Good morning, sis! What did you bring me to eat? I could devour a whole hog."



## ALMOST LOST

"Be satisfied with just part of that hog, will you?"

While Gene was eating his breakfast Ina busied herself at putting the room into some semblance of order. The least sign of disorder always annoyed her; which fact had often caused the late Mr. Bantley to laughingly remark, "Ina, I certainly pity your husband if he ever drops ashes on your carpet."

Thus far, however, Ina's husband was a very remote figure. Both her sisters, Agnes and Claire, had married some years ago, but at twenty-two Ina was not even vaguely interested in matrimonial endeavors. True, suitors were constantly knocking at the door of her heart, for she was quite popular as was proved when she was elected May Queen at the last Motton May Day.

"Sis, when will you finish reading that book to me?" asked Gene after he had emptied the tray.

"Tomorrow evening if I'm not too tired."

During the entire morning mother and daughter worked industriously, and by noon most of the work was finished. At the lunch table Mrs. Bantley suddenly asked, "Are you going to Joan's party with George tomorrow night?"

"I don't think so. I promised Gene that I'd finish reading *David Copperfield* to him," came Ina's indifferent answer.

A faint shadow stole across Mrs. Bantley's wrinkled brow. She always encouraged Ina's friendship with George, a friendship that for some unaccountable reason seemed entirely too procrastinating in its development. Then this New Yorker that Ina had spoken about displeased her exceedingly.

Immediately after lunch Mrs. Bantley

prepared to do the necessary shopping. As her mother started for the door Ina called out, "Be careful, mother. The streets are awfully slippery."

"I don't mind," answered Mrs. Bantley as she quietly closed the door. Saturday afternoon shopping was really her favorite task, for it afforded her an opportunity to chat with all her old friends.

Some minutes later Ina was called from her work to take care of Agnes' mischievous little son, Jackie. This clever rascal of six summers loved his Aunt Ina, but delighted in having her constantly on the go watching his puerile antics. Seldom did he leave her doorstep without a stomach-ache together with a number of prized gifts as trophies of his diplomacy and childish cunning.

Finally Ina started upstairs with the tired child submissively in tow. "Hello, Uncle Gene; look what I got," shouted Jackie, climbing onto the bed of his sick relative.

"That's pretty nice, Jackie. Who gave it to you?"

"Aunt Ina."

While the youngster proceeded proudly to display his prizes Ina quietly slipped from the room to take her bath. She had barely finished when the telephone rang. Grabbing a kimono she raced downstairs.

"Hello! Miss Ina Bantley speaking. Yes! Mother what? Oh! Yes, yes, right away."

"Gene! Gene, something terrible has happened to mother. Doctor Stanton called and said I should hurry to the hospital. I told her to be careful," cried Ina running around in circles trying to find her clothes.

"Sis, now do be careful yourself. It



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is more than likely only a slight fall that mother had," consoled Gene.

Twenty minutes later found Ina questioning the head nurse in the office as to her mother's condition and room number. The comely nurse laid a comforting hand on Ina's shaking shoulders saying, "She is in the operating room at present. I think there is really nothing serious, so you had better wait here a few minutes. Doctor Stanton will call as soon as they are ready for you."

"Thank you," answered Ina weakly. Something caught in her throat and prevented many words of fear from being uttered.

For what seemed an eternity Ina sat beside the nurse, both seemingly too preoccupied to speak. Finally Doctor Stanton appeared and with a slight nod of his gray head motioned Ina to follow him.

The ghostly sight of her mother resting so deathly still on the white hospital bed completely broke Ina's strength. With a pathetic cry she fell limply to the floor.

Slowly she awoke to the realization that strong masculine arms were bearing the weight of her shapely body. In her clouded mind she felt the warm, blue tenderness of male eyes which strangely seemed to rest and comfort her.

Softly she asked, "How is my mother?"

The fatherly voice of Doctor Stanton answered, "She had a nasty accident, my dear, but is now resting happily with your father."

From the day of Mrs. Bantley's death until her cold, white remains were solemnly inhumed Ina went about in a despairing state of blank despondency;

yet the full realization of her mother's decease did not dawn upon her until the coffin was slowly lowered into the ground. With its descent an overwhelming prostration seized Ina's heart and left her standing quite alone in this world of cruel reality when she would have far rather been in the protecting company of her dead parents. The puissance of her soul seemed not equal to the pitfalls and snares that she knew she must now face alone. Ina prayed but not for happiness and success; rather she prayed for death and the singing peace of the angels.

After Mrs. Bantley's untimely end the various financial and family matters were peacefully and quietly settled. Ina received all the real estate together with a large insurance and her mother's personal money. Her sister Agnes agreed to take Gene if Ina would live with her to assist with the housework and care for little Jackie. Gene's medical requirements were easily being met by a trust fund set aside by his dead father.

So, through the remaining weeks of this bleak, cold winter, life for Ina Bantley slowly reestablished itself in her new environment. With the coming of spring Agnes suggested that she abandon her mourning and again open her heart to the enjoyment of life and living. With this in mind Ina somewhat reluctantly accepted George Darron's invitation to attend the Firemen's Ball.

Once in the crowd, listening and dancing to the rhythmic melodies of the orchestra, Ina soon forgot the pain in her heart and with a burning desire answered the blush of early spring. Later when sitting quietly with George, enjoying the new warmth that had come with the growing spring, a strong, smooth

## ALMOST LOST

voice asked, "May I have the next dance, Miss Bantley?"

With pleasant recognition Ina remembered the young intern who had assisted her at the hospital. "Certainly, Doctor —."

"Luxen. Dave Luxen, but please do forget the Doctor; it sounds too professional," he remarked as he gracefully guided her through the whirling couples of young dancers.

"Say, you certainly aren't slow with your feet even though I haven't seen you on a dance floor until tonight."

"Thank you, Doctor. Really you don't think this my first dance, do you?"

"Truth is stranger than fiction, my dear lady. Who might your handsome escort be?"

With a coquettish smile Ina lightly replied, "Either Clark Gable or Robert Taylor. I'm not positive which."

"Thank you again, Miss Bantley. Your humor literally surrounds me."

"Don't mention it, but in case one of your patients gets very despondent call on me. I feel certain my wit would be a big help."

"If not your wit certainly your eyes." he answered seriously.

During the remaining minutes of the dance neither spoke. They moved in secluded privacy in the jostling crowd, isolated from it in a cloak of emotional harmony.

At last they stopped and slowly returned to the balcony. "You certainly are a tantalizing young lady, but I'll learn the name of your escort, regardless."

"He is simply a friend of mine, so please don't be concocting any foolish ideas," enlightened Ina. For some reason she enjoyed teasing this handsome

intern, while his seeming interest in George really pleased her.

"Then may I call next Sunday night?"

"Maybe." And with that George came up and claimed her for the next dance.

During the remaining hours of the evening George and Doctor Luxen continued to compete for her company. This unheralded popularity turned the night into a delectable success for Ina, who cleverly made the most of every opportunity.

The next afternoon, true to his word, Doctor Luxen telephoned her and after much bickering received permission to call the following Sunday night. That night settled everything as far as Ina was concerned. Doctor Luxen's genteel manners and suave tongue completely swept the previously drab Ina into convulsions of laughter.

As May and June faded into the heat of midsummer, Dave became a frequent and welcome caller at Ina's doorstep. They spent many hours of contented and growing friendship together. Then one night something happened that aroused Ina from her demure lethargy. After returning home from a thoroughly pleasant party Doctor Luxen quite suddenly turned and with burning intensity planted an ardent kiss on her unexpected lips.

"Dave, please! You daren't do that."

"But, Ina dear, why not? Surely you care just a little for me?" pleaded Dave.

Without even answering his question she rudely ushered him out of the house, slamming the door in his embarrassed face. Some minutes later while calmly lying on her bed Ina recognized the significance of her hasty action. She then realized that Dave was only trying to express his feelings of love and did not



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mean to insult her, or toy with her. Ina was really sorry for what she had done, but the real shock rested in the knowledge that his kiss had aroused no responding desire in her own heart. She liked Dave Luxen, yet friendship was all she wanted.

Out of this realization an idea gradually shaped itself within her spinning mind. "Why not take a vacation — a long vacation — some place where nobody will know me? New York — why not? I have never been there and have always planned or rather hoped to spend some time in the great metropolis." With this simple solution to her problem slowly taking more realistic form she fell into an unperturbed sleep.

Early the next morning she confided her hastily conceived plans to Gene. "Why, sis, that's great!" he replied enthusiastically. "You certainly deserve a vacation, only I thought perhaps you were waiting to go there on your honeymoon with Dave."

"Now isn't that just like a brother," answered Ina, trying vainly to keep the irritation from her voice.

With Agnes' helping hand Ina soon had most of her belongings safely packed. Then came the difficult task of purchasing the many necessary articles that were still lacking in her wardrobe. Yet during all this feverish commotion Ina found sufficient time to vaguely outline the speech she intended giving Doctor Luxen that evening.

Faithful to his custom the unsuspecting intern made his pleasant appearance at approximately eight o'clock. "Well, dear, would you care to dance tonight? I feel very much in the mood for moonlight, music and romance."

"I'd rather not tonight, Dave. I'm

terribly tired from packing," answered Ina casually.

"Packing? Why, where are you going so suddenly?"

Settling herself closely beside him on the divan Ina started her little story. "Dave, dear; I'm sorry about last night, for truly there was no reason for my rudeness. I did it simply because I was rather surprised. You see, Dave, I never dreamed of your loving me, for my feelings toward you are only of friendship. I like you, Dave. That is the reason why I'm going to New York. I want to find my real self while at the same time learning your way of looking at things."

For an embarrassingly long time Dave said nothing, as if he expected Ina to say more. Finally he broke the spell. His voice was ghostly — a husky, almost whispering voice that echoed through the room with the sadness of a gypsy's violin. "Yes, my dear; you are right. I hope that you have a good time and that you will return with a desire to become my wife." With this he arose and leisurely started for the door.

Ina watched him for a second, and then, with a movement that was unexpected and deliberate, put her slender arms around his neck. Her lips touched his with a tenderness that was deeper than any passion. "Dave, dear I'm taking this vacation to make myself certain. There isn't anyone else that matters or who ever did."

Pleadingly drawing her into his strong embrace he whispered softly, "Thank you, darling. Write me, will you? I'll miss you terribly." Then with a loving kiss he quietly left the house.

*(To be continued)*

# SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT!

*by*

Lawrence Heiman '38

Silent Night! Holy Night!  
Softly these words echoed once through the skies,  
Bidding the shepherds to harken and rise;  
To follow that bright  
And heavenly light;  
To go in full pace  
To that humble place  
Where lay the Redeemer in human disguise.

Silent Night! Holy Night!  
The summons they answered as forward they sped;  
Bearing in mind what the Angels had said.  
Though simple and poor  
With little demure  
They set out to seek  
That King Who so meek  
Lay in a manger in place of a bed.

Silent Night! Holy Night!  
Behold, what awaits this journey so rare!  
They see but a Babe in the light's feeble glare.  
In reverence and awe  
This Babe Which they saw  
They loved and adored  
As their Savior and Lord  
On that silent night, so holy and fair.



## EX PRAETERITIS IN FUTURUM

By Norman Fisher '37

**A**nte tres annos in Collegium Sancti Josephi quidam venit adolescentulus qui primo die modo tironum dubius aliquanto per peregrina se movebat. Cum rectorem et studiorum praefectum salutasset viam iniit multa inspiciendi nova. Curiosus miransque in umbra harum sapientiae aedium ambulavit et aulas quae lectionibus parandis et recitandis inserviunt animo haud palum trepido scrutatus est. Paulisper postea in triclinio amplissimo inter multos aequales primum stomachum placavit, in oratorio pulcherrimo precibus vacavit, in vasto dormitorio cum triginta sociis varie circum sparsis placide quievit. Maturius quam solitus erat e somno tintinnabulo maledicendo raucissimo excitatus cum surrexisset, spe plenus discipulorum vitae agenda se tradidit. Adolescentulus ille ego fui.

Triennio praeterito jam millies collegii aedificia et prata perlustravi, quae nova quondam et aliena hodie familiarissima sunt, ut domus paterna potius quam schola mihi videatur collegium. Hiemem aestatemque ter vidi successu celeri praetervolare, ter mense Junio sociis carissimis aegre valedixi et mense Septembri advenas in usum et amicitiam accepi, terque ipse ex feriis aestivalis ad nova ediscenda atque difficilia superanda levi corde in collegium reversus sum.

Saepissime recreationis tempore, cum in splendore solis et venustate naturae virerent et florerent omnia, cum comiti-

bus jocosus per campos otiose ambulavi, et iterum citatis gradibus per eosdem campos festinavi, cum tempestate hiemali furiente procella frigidissima nivem in faciem volveret. Senes autem potius quam juvenes ambulando vires recuperare juvat. In campo magis athletico delectantur juvenes, quo et ego multoties aut cum aequalibus certabam, aut socios ad adversarios profligandos hortabar, aut altis clamoribus nostros ad hostes extraneos superandos excitavi et victoriam reportantes summo cum applausu excipiebam. Pluvia vero et nix et coelum ingratissimum haud raro ex campis in aulas quae recreationi ministrant me sociosque redegerunt. Ibi hilaritate minime diminuta cum sodalibus fumigans colloquia amoena et memorabilia sociavi, ludendo oblectabar, musicis per aera transmittis attentum me praebebam auditorem. Jucundissima mihi semper erit memoria horarum quas animi recuperandi causa inter amicos carissimos peregi.

At recreandum est solummodo ut summis deinde viribus iterum discatur. Et multa quidem ex libris didici oribusque magistrorum. Operam magnam linguas navavi Graeciae et Latinae, quae quamvis mortuas nominent nonnulli non moriuntur in saecula hominum. Studium majus in contortiones temporum praesentium linguarum ediscendo et ad legendum et ad loquendum consumpsi. Vicissim ambagibus, legibus, problematis mathematicorum lacrimavi exultavi. Moderate in labora-

## EX PRAETERITIS IN FUTURUM

toriis per scientias physicas ad mirabilia naturae observanda versatus sum. Scientias quoque sociales non neglexi; praesertim iter praelongum et tortuosum humani generis per saecula legenda historia contemplatus sum. Mysteria religionis penetrare constanter conari per annos non desii. Profunde ex thesauris literariis terrarum complurium et saeculorum quaesivi bibere. Omnino animum deliciis musicorum liquescere identidem sensi. Etiam nunc scientiis normativis occupatus sum.

Almam Matrem ex collegio Juniore in Senioremi vidi crescentem donec schola alta remanente studiorum per octo annos extenderet cursus. Cuius consilii perficiendi causa ex mense Martio exeunte usque ad medium mensem Septembrem artifices operariosque, structores murorum, fabros lignorum, eos qui filas ad vim electricam ferendam et tubulos ad

aquam vaporemque trahendum per loca conducerent, omnes alios alios juvantes ad novam alam magnificam extruendam quae a fine versa meridiano veteris gymnasii ad occidentem spectaret operam dare conspexi.

Cum nunc per annos ita gestos respicio, dua solum mihi veniunt in mentem verba: bene erat. Multae quidem res asperae saepe ferendae erant, nec raro difficilia inextinguibilia videbantur, non semper dulcis erat vita; quae autem studiosi vitae aliena esse minime dici potest. Nihil certe se acrius ostendit quam ut animo firmato superare posset. Contra haec pauca amara multa amoena; post laborem triumphare, scientiam augere, delectationes experire, amicos cognoscere. Quod restat tempus ut non aliter sit agendum sperans fore felix aspicio in futurum.

## A THOUGHT

Like a serpent the road coiled its slow length to the summit of the mountain. From there as far as the eye could see stretched out a profusion of trees — down the slopes, in the valley, and on the tops of the surrounding elevations. Sturdy oaks, rugged pines and bushy rhododendrons formed a verdant carpet of virgin forest. So sublime was the spectacle that only death can erase it from my memory.

As I stood gazing on this natural expanse of grandeur I could not help but reflect on the winds that had torn at the very roots of those trees and the

thunderbolts that had slashed and seared their mighty trunks. Yet through all the tempests of heaven they had stood unscathed; scarred perhaps at times, but not permanently injured; grown stronger despite, or because of the onslaughts of the elements. They had used freely the gentle rains and the warm sunshine, God-given.

Man, as these trees, is beset by the winds of temptation and the thunderbolts of adversity. Like these trees man grows stronger under the warm sunshine of God's love and the refreshing rain of His grace.

J. L. '39



## A CHRISTMAS TREE

By Stanley Skees '39

Heck! I can't see why the rich guys have to get all the breaks. I wish mom and dad would wake up to the fact that I need a bike. It'd be fun then to go to school; I wouldn't have to rush and hurry every morning to get the work done so's to be on time. Darn the luck, anyway."

"Yeah! Tha's just the way I feel. Gosh, I'd give anything to have a twenty-two and about fifty boxes of shells to go with it. It'd be great fun to take the rifle Sundays and stroll aroun' in the woods, shootin' at birds and things. 'Sides, 'member how dad told us he ust' to shoot sycamore balls and hornets' nests? Gee! Bet he had a great time. If I had a rifle, I could shoot the minks and things that get in my traps so's I wouldn't have to take a stick and bruise 'em all up an' get docked when I sell the hides. I could save enough that a-way to keep me in shells, too, dog-gone it."

The two boys, Charles, the bicycle desirer, and Tom, the rifle craver, are on a hunt for a Christmas tree to decorate the gift-table with on the morrow. Traditional of the season, a heavy snow has tucked the landscape into its glistening folds. Trees, bleak and bare and lonely, mark the crooked route of the little creek gurgling beneath its roof of ice and snow. Finches, brown discordant spots against the niveous background, playfully flit about in the snow-draped bushes border-

ing the stream. Swirls and eddies of powdered snow, fanned by the birds' swift passing, slowly settle back in place.

"By the way, Charles, I bet you'd like to see where I've got my traps set, wouldn't you?"

Upon receiving an answer strongly in the affirmative, Tom set out for his trap lines, the two forgetting, meanwhile, their mission. At a rapid gait, they follow the winding course of Rouge Creek, noticing along the way the many interesting formations of snow and ice. Tom, deciphering and defining the numerous animal tracks on the smooth snow blanketing the ice's surface and the many trails leading to and away from the stream, depicts to his younger brother the interesting story of animal life. "Those hemispherical indentations, evenly paired off portray a frolicking holiday had by a group of rabbits. That queer trail, leading from a small hole in the ice, pictures the triumphant return of a mink to its den after having enjoyed its meal of fish — a rather chilly repast, it would seem to me."

When suddenly coming in sight of a cornfield that runs down to the creek bank, Tom stops and motions to his brother to make as little noise as possible.

"It's pretty warm today," he whispers. "We might catch the muskrats out of their hole."

Stealthily they approached the brush-grown fence row. From behind the



## A CHRISTMAS TREE

bushes they gaze through the rails of the fence at a most exciting scene. Grouped around an ear of corn which has been dragged from a nearby corn shock are three muskrats, heartily enjoying their feast. Cautioning his companion to observe closely, Tom slaps his hands together with a sharp crack. As if moved by the same force, the muskrats dash for the creek, slide over the bank, and disappear with a neat splash. Amused at the antics of the rats, the boys scramble over the rail fence to see where the startled animals have gone in such a hurry. The crafty little quadrupeds have broken for themselves a hole in the thinner part of the ice, though their den is a few feet further up the creek, with its entrance below the ice. An icy groove or slide in the snow on the bank directly above the hole provides for them a quick exit from the stage of danger.

For several miles the lads explore the wonders of the wood-bordered creek, enthusiastically appreciating each new discovery. A long-drawn wail, sounding rather near at hand, startles them.

"That's something in one of my traps," calls Tom over his shoulder as he dashes off in the direction of the sound. Arriving at the scene, the boys find a big, black cat with its leg caught in a strong minktrap. Obviously the cat has struggled desperately to obtain its freedom. The snow has been shaken from the surrounding bushes and trampled hard. Cruelly have the steel jaws bit into the cat's leg, peeling off the skin and spattering the snow with blood. Vicious under the pain of the wound, the cat will not allow the boys to approach close enough to liberate it. Having cut a

stick from a nearby bush, Tom manages to wedge it under a root, and using the stick as a lever, to depress the spring and release the infuriated cat. With a final howl it tears away through the bushes, making good time though running on only three legs.

"D'ye hear that, Tom? That's Number Five a-blowin' for Glendale, and that means it's four o'clock and we haven't even started lookin' for a Christmas tree yet. If we don't hurry up, it'll be way late 'fore we get the milkin' done."

"Oh! That's all right," replies Tom; "it won't take us long to get that tree. I done got one picked out. We'll cut back through 'Ripshin now and get it. After that it won't take us so long to get back to the house."

Suiting his actions to his words he faces about, leads the way out of the creek bottom and across the snowy fields towards a large woods situated on a hill that commands a view of the countryside for miles around. They enter this timber under the bare limbs of a giant oak, whose main trunk has been rent by lightning the previous summer. Striking straight out through the woods, the boys soon come to a boulder-strewn ridge. Amid the many mounds of snow to be seen thereon there is one conspicuous for its conical shape; it is situated in the midst of several towering hickories. Knocking the snow from this Tom reveals a symmetrically formed little cedar, as regular in shape as, yet far more beautiful than, the artificial ones displayed in store windows during the Christmas season.

"Gee," exclaims Charles in admiration, "how did you ever find it?"

## THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

"Oh, I just happened to see it when I was up here hunting squirrels with dad last fall," replies Tom.

The golden rays of the setting sun are tinging the landscape when the boys emerge from the woods on their homeward trek. Picturesque though they are in their country outfit, the effulgent hillside adds color to the scene. Clad in blue overalls tucked into high-topped shoes, sheepskin coats and mittens, and with wool toboggan caps pulled down over their ears, and scarfs around their necks, their separate burdens seem necessary to the picture. Tom has the cedar tucked gently in his arms, not wishing to break even one bough or otherwise disfigure the adornment provided by nature for their Christmas table. With the nonchalance of a true woodsman Charles carries over his shoulder the

axe which they had used.

The radiating brilliancy of the landscape seems capable of melting the hardest heart, and the two triumphant cedar hunters are not immune to its glow. Suffused with its subtle powers the tendency within them to feel at odds with everyone and everything is gradually eradicated. Thinking of the enjoyment of the afternoon, Charles is the first to realize the injustice of his former discontented attitude.

"Gee, Tom! I guess we haven't anything to kick about after all," he said. "After this I'll enjoy my hikes to school. There's plenty to see along a country road if a fellow keeps his eyes open. It reminds me of the poem we had to memorize for class which ended like this: "Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree."

### RHYTHM

*by*

John Bannon '38

Sleep Baby Sleep, In Thy cradle rocking  
Now over and back at Thy Mother's caress.  
Sleep Baby Sleep, while Thy Father's watching,  
And carolling voices of angels bless.

Swaying now swaying —  
The windshaken cross makes a deathsome roll.  
Waves of voices, harsh in their rasp —  
Mark the rhythm of death.  
The beat of red drops —  
As His Blood falls on the thirst of the earth.



## DAYS WITHOUT END

By William Callahan '37

Perhaps no other play in the last decade has aroused such a great amount of comment and controversy as has Eugene O'Neill's latest production, *Days Without End*. It is, undoubtedly, one of the most stirring and interesting character studies ever staged before American footlights. But it has a significance far beyond that of its essential merits as a play. Hence, as subject of a criticism, it should be considered not merely as an individual ornament of the American stage, but also in its more specific aspect as a hopeful sign of a more vigorous and truthful American drama, and in particular of Catholic American drama.

Characteristically enough, O'Neill has surprised everyone. That a man of his caliber should produce a play as unmistakably Catholic in its every fiber as is *Days Without End* must have struck those who were wont to hail O'Neill as the champion of that type of cynicism and sensualism which strives to hide under the less offensive appellation of stark realism. Perhaps, and this would be even more surprising, the play is largely autobiographical. But whether or not O'Neill has suddenly thrown off his former pessimistic outlook on life and has assumed a new hope based on faith, the fact remains that he has produced a play which is making all of literary America sit up and take notice.

In his theme O'Neill is not remarkably unique or original. It is the psychologi-

cal study of a man, John Loving, who, having broken away from the Catholic Church in his youth, vainly seeks peace in all the various "isms" of modern existence. He finally thinks he has found happiness in his all-absorbing love of his wife, only to be haunted continually by the fear that she may discover his infidelity to her, committed years before. Unwittingly, he himself tells her through the plot of a story which he is writing. Her disillusionment, coupled with a physical breakdown, places her at death's door. Then, half-maddened over the crisis of her condition and the knowledge that she now hates him, he is brought to the realization that it is only in the true faith, which he had now deserted, that comfort lies. In the extremely dramatic denouement he stands with arms outstretched before a crucifix, humble and crestfallen, but with his mind calm in the assurance that he has at length found the truth.

But this meager synopsis can give no idea of the compelling interest and dramatic power which O'Neill has put into his play. Whatever his critics may say against the construction of the drama, they must admit that it holds the interest of its audience in a vise-like grip from the opening scene to the final curtain. O'Neill himself says: "To many, the towering paradox of victory in surrender will be lost. But to those who understand the universal soul of the mystics,

in all times and all ages, the meaning will be plain enough."

Enough has been said, however, to show that the enthusiastic reception which greeted *Days Without End* was not undeserved. To discuss the merits of this play, merely as a play, is, as has been said, not the complete aim of this article. That job has been done much more thoroughly and much better than could be done here, in all the leading literary periodicals, by critics of note and distinction. What, perhaps, has not been sufficiently emphasized is the fact that the play is essentially Catholic in the best sense of the word. And more important still, it has gained its subtle but potent spirituality and its driving dramatic force from the very fact that it is Catholic.

A logical and momentous conclusion should be obvious. That such a play as *Days Without End* can appear on Broadway, should be manifest proof that fundamental Catholic principles and doctrine are not to be confined merely to the cloistered convent and the sheltered monastery. They can and do exert their simple but effective power even among the most sophisticated classes. With this viewpoint in mind, the Catholic litterateurs of America must realize the splendid opportunity which they have to dispel those many delusions so long rampant in the uninformed, and hence prejudiced American mind.

The advent of *Days Without End*

should, furthermore, ring the death knell of that type of "simpery-whimpery," sentimental balderdash which passed for Catholic literature, so-called, in the first quarter of this century. This play has in it nothing of the mushy goody-goodiness so long associated with Catholic writings. For once we do not feel that the author is swinging a censer at the end of each paragraph. It has a priest in it, to be sure, but he is not continually preaching, nor is he forever miraculously converting the souls of the fallen. He is an intensely human priest, a priest who is not living in some ethereal world of his own, but right here in our common work-a-day existence. He is so typical of the best example of Catholic priests in America that we feel we almost know him at once. And we respect him none the less because of his reality. Thus it is through the entire plot that we feel even more deeply the spiritual depths which John Loving is exploring, because in him and in his thoughts we can see ourselves and people whom we know, so faithfully reflected.

In fine, let us regard O'Neill's latest production not merely as just another Broadway hit, but rather as a harbinger of future achievements in Catholic drama, as well as in every other form of Catholic art. Let it serve as an inspiring model for the Catholic literary revivalists. For *Days Without End* is a challenge to every Catholic writer in America today—a challenge which cannot be overlooked.



## THE MATCH GIRL

By Edwin Johnson '39

The night was bitter cold. Like a pack of baying hounds driven before the whip of a hunter the wind howled and moaned through the tops of the frost-bitten trees. It was snowing, and the swirling flakes, driven by the fury of the gale, were piling in large drifts in every sheltered nook and cranny. A cold winter moon was doing its utmost to penetrate the stygian gloom, but the most it could do was cast a distant gleam on the wind-swept terra. In spite of the fact that the elements were raging the night was one of rejoicing. It was the night on which the world was to bid adieu to an old man, decrepit and feeble with age; the night on which the same world would give homage to a babe — a pink babe, naked except for a tiny ribbon which proverbially encircles its chubby form. To one person, however, of the vast throngs of humanity the spirit of the occasion meant not a thing. This person was a girl.

About nineteen years of age, the girl was huddled on the balcony of a grand country club. Tiny footprints in the snow showed how she had encircled the parked cars in the wide drive, and made her way up a rear stairway to the balcony. These same footsteps told a story in themselves. They were not in a straight line as are the steps of a strong body. They crisscrossed in various directions, sometimes close together, sometimes more widely spaced, as

if the person were searching for something. In one or two places a smudge in the snow marked a spot where the girl had fallen through sheer weakness. Evidently she had gone without food while all others were feasting. How she had reached the balcony is hard to understand considering her state of exhaustion.

Toward the lights inside the club the girl attempts to move. But she is so weakened that she is forced to crawl on hands and knees. On closer observation she is beautiful, if one can judge through the tangled mass of snow and dirt which cake her face and hair. Her clothes are not threadbare, but they are rumpled and begrimed, and a rent is in her narrow skirt. Too, she wears scarcely enough to protect her slim, frail body from the blasts of the cruel wind. Here on the balcony she is protected to some degree from the elements, but she looks on the verge of collapse. She moves once more and manages to drag her way up to the glass in the balcony door. A dazzling sight meets her glazed eyes. She mechanically brushes the snow away from her lashes and stares inside.

A grand ball is being held on the spacious ballroom floor of the Medinah Country Club. In one corner of the room a marimba band is playing a seductive rhumba which seems to carry the dancers far away from the cold of the night into the enticing setting of the Caribbean Sea. A group of happy young

## THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

people are gathered around a magic punch bowl — a veritable spring, for it seems never to run dry. The boys are in tails; the girls, in long formal gowns.

At the bar an old codger who has replaced the regular bartender is very elegantly explaining to a group of starry-eyed debutantes the art of mixing an old fashioned. His wife, a plump old dowager, glares daggers at him from her corner of the room over the four no-trump hand. To those who care to eat, or can eat on top of their liquor, a buffet luncheon is being served.

This was a typical New Year's Eve party done on a lavish scale. No note of tragedy was present in this gay throng unless the tall, handsome young man in one corner could be considered as having a tragic look in his eyes. He is searching for someone, for his eyes sweep the swirling group of dancers, scan the bar and bridge tables, and return once more to the dancers. Little did this carefree crowd realize how close at hand tragedy was enacting so grim a role.

On the balcony the girl takes in all these sights through eyes which are growing more dim. They linger longest on the buffet luncheon — on that food which never would do her any good. No, she has passed that stage. Meanwhile, though the wind continues to blast at her shivering form, she scarcely notices its attacks. She is searching, but her search is almost ended. Once her eyes do grow somewhat larger as she seems to recognize the worried young gentleman in the corner. Yes, she knows him; he is the man who has been good to her before. Maybe... her dazed memory functions... maybe if she can get his attention he will be good to her again. Maybe? She

falls, completely overcome.

Time passes. In spite of the severe cold the poor girl revives once more. Again she tries to raise herself and beckon for help, but those benumbed legs seem paralyzed. By holding to the door she at last struggles to her feet, looks in and taps against the window. There is her Romeo, still looking, still worried. As the strength of her arms gives way she makes one more feeble effort and falls in a heap in the snow. He has not seen her.

But a young man, partner to a dancing couple nearest the door, notices the vanishing form from the window and hears the dead thud as the body slithers down.

"Stand back, Lillian," he cries to his partner as he bolts for the door.

Throwing it open he sees the prostrate figure, and his blood runs cold. Sees, but does not recognize. In a bound he is on his knees. Then, aided by the light which streams from the ballroom, he is able to identify this disheveled lump of humanity.

"Holy Jerusalem," he exclaims, "it's Celeste!" Tom! Tom! Come here!" Electrified, the worried Tom darts through the dancers and is at his side.

"Look here, you lummo. Ever see this girl before?"

"My God!" cries Tom. "What has happened? Is she sick? Frozen? Do something! Don't kneel there gaping at me!"

"Too late, old boy; too late! She's past..."

"Past! What? Is she dead? O Lord! And two hours ago she was the gayest of the party. I brought her. I ought to know."

"Shut up, you blubbering idiot, and let me finish. She's passed out. She's not dead, except *dead drunk*."



# BOSWELL'S LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

By Francis Carney '39

Biography is the literature of realized personality, of life as it has been lived, of actual achievements, of shortcomings, of success or failure. It is not imaginary and embellished, not what might be or might have been, not reduced to prescribed or artificial forms; it is the unvarnished story of that which is delightful, disappointing, possible or impossible, in a life in this world.

In reading a biography three men meet in close intimacy, the subject of the book, the author, and the reader. The most interesting of these is the man about whom the book is written. The most privileged is the reader. Least regarded of the three is the author. It is his duty to introduce the others while he withdraws into the background.

Boswell in his *Life of Samuel Johnson*, in my opinion, sufficiently realized his duty of self-effacement; the essential Boswell, the skillful and devoted artist is almost unrecognized. He is not morbid or restless, self-conscious, vain or insinuating, but throughout he repeatedly offers himself as a victim to illustrate his friend's wit. Without regard for his own dignity he exhibits himself as humiliated, or drunken, or hypochondriac, or inquisitive, or resorting to petty subterfuge, anything for the accomplishment of his main purpose.

The author had a very difficult task, but he accomplished it with ease. The unity of the book is not that of an un-

deviating narrative in chronological order of one man's life; it grows, rather, out of a single dominating personality exhibited in all the vicissitudes of a manifold career. Boswell's eye is keen for contrasts, for picturesque moments, for dramatic actions. While it is always the same Johnson whom he makes the central character, he studies to shift the background, the interlocutors, in search of new revelations and effects.

One reason why I enjoyed this book was because of the ever changing scene of happenings. Boswell presents a succession of many scenes, exquisitely wrought, of Johnson among widely various settings of eighteenth-century England.

Boswell has given single scenes that have been lauded for their precision. None was wrought more beautifully nor more ardently than that of Johnson's interview with the king. First we see the plain massive figure amid the elegant comfort of Buckingham Palace. He is intent on his book before the fire. Then the approach of the king, lighted on his way by Mr. Barnard with candles caught from a table, their entrance by a private door, with Johnson's unconscious absorption, his sudden surprise, his dignity, the king's ease with him, their conversation, Johnson's manly bearing and voice throughout — all is set forth with unadorned vividness and permanent effect which seem artless enough, but which are



characteristic of only the greatest art.

This biography is consistently and primarily the life of one man. But the reader there meets a vast number of people — men, women, children, nay even animals — from George the Third to the cat Hodge. Boswell several times brings in Johnson's most intimate friend's — David Garrick, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Edmund Burke — and at all times makes their opinions interesting.

I believe that Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson* is one of the best biographies ever written. It is a masterpiece of art

in that it exerts the vigorous energy of a masterpiece, what we call personality.

A point of education and culture is the extension of one's narrow range of living to include wider possibilities or actualities; in short, to use a Johnsonian phrase, it is "multiplicity of consciousness." There is no book more effective through long familiarity to such extension and such multiplication than Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*. It adds a new world to one's own; it increases one's acquaintance among people who think; it gives intimate companionship with a great and friendly man.

## MY MANIA FOR DIME NOVELS

By Andrew Stodola '40

*Wild West, Adventure*, and what have you are degrading literature. Wild West stories, in particular, were what I once swallowed whole. Early hours of the morning would find me deeply engrossed reading a rootin', tootin' western novellette. Having finished the story, the next day would find me craving the thrills, the adventure of the old West.

I was an addict to gaudy heroes. I loved the cowboy, who, riding at full speed, swept the rancher's daughter from the ground, saving her life from the hoofs of the stampeding herd; the cow nurse who shot it out with six desperate outlaws. I devoured such themes as two bad men who fall never to breathe again; a hero is hit; three shells left and four sidewinders against him, but he comes out alive. From these stories I concluded that I could write a western thriller as good as did any two-for-a-nickel author.

"The Whistlin' Kid," "Sonny Tabor," "Apache and Wagonwheel," were some

of the characters. "The Whistlin' Kid" whistled even in a gun fight. "Sonny Tabor" was a baby-faced outlaw, out of the reach of the law by inches. "Apache and Wagonwheel" were twins of brain and brawn. They thrilled me, those gun slingers. "Blackjack Peters" was a sneakin' coyote; he was as strong as five men because the devil was in him.

"The Shadow," whose twin automatics roared as one, was my next favorite. In one adventure he climbed a ten story building; (the author never did explain how he did it). "The Shadow's" experiences would freeze me to my chair; at times I would swear I could feel his hot breath on my neck. He used to thrill and chill me, but I finally came to the conclusion that he and the "Terror" were "Hansel and Gretel."

I idolized them all, once. I was everywhere in the slums of literature until I happened upon the street that led the way out.

## THE PRIVATE WOES OF A PRIVATE

By Charles Rueve '37

Private Mike Haggerty, age twenty, height six feet, weight one hundred and ninety pounds, black hair, blue eyes and firm chin, walked to his post humming "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round." He must have been happy; and, as a matter of fact, he had reasons to be happy. First of all, his girl friend had given him to understand that he wouldn't be a bachelor the day he was made a sergeant. In the second place, he had a good chance of becoming a corporal. No great honor to be sure — but it was the first rung in the ladder; the first knot in the "tie that binds."

Mike realized all this. Life was warm and rosy to him, especially since the day he had joined the army. Summed up, life for him was a little work, a little fun, and a little girl friend of about nineteen. Yes, he had reasons to hum.

Outwardly, he appeared the picture of a model sentry patrolling his post; inwardly, he glowed with love, pride, ambition and, perhaps, Napoleonic ideas. An officer approached, and Mike lowered his rifle.

"Halt! Who's there?" he challenged.

"Officer of the post," came the reply.

"Advance, officer of the post, and be recognized."

It was Lieutenant Hogan — unofficially, "Shanty." Private Haggerty presented arms, and the lieutenant saluted.

"Let's see your gun," remarked the

officer casually. Private Haggerty placed it in his hands.

"It would serve you right if I shot you," Hogan remarked. "Handing your gun over to the first person who asks for it. A swell soldier you'll make!" He returned the rifle. "I'll have to hold up your recommendation for corporal."

The lieutenant disappeared, and Haggerty resumed his steady tramping. Outwardly, he was still the picture of a model sentry; inwardly, however, he boiled with rage, humiliation, and a sense of military ignorance. "That damn lieutenant! He's the guy who's been parading around with Sally. If I ever lay hold of him—," he broke off, incoherently. His views on life were evidently changing, for he no longer hummed.

His good humor was restored in a large measure by the next time he was signed to a post. Humming "Sally in Our Alley," he paced up and down on post thirteen on the edge of the parade grounds, the place where the sun wasn't exactly the coolest. He had already donated another vote of thanks to the brotherly love of the kind Lieutenant Hogan.

The sergeant had emphatically ordered no automobiles were to be allowed to cross through the parade grounds. "These damn cars from town have got to stop it, and it's up to you to see that they do. All cars, including those of the officers



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themselves, understand?" He understood only too well.

A long sleek army limousine came humming down the road. Directly opposite Haggerty it slowed down, and its wheels turned in the direction of the parade grounds.

"Halt! Who's there?" he challenged.

"The General."

"Advance, General, and be recognized."

"What's all this? A lean, angry face thrust itself out of the window. "Oh, all right, sentry. Drive across the grounds, Bartley, and out the other entrance."

"No sir," said the sentry firmly, edging his rifle a trifle. "No one is permitted such a crossing, and officers are no exception."

"Never mind that. Drive on, Bartley."

The tires gripped the gravel. "Halt! or I'll fire!" Haggerty brought the gun to his shoulder.

"Just a minute, Bartley," said the General. "Sentry, you ought to know that I can change or reverse any order at my discretion."

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, then let us by."

"No, sir. I have strict orders to let no one pass, officers included."

The General's face turned to an angry red. "Of all the blockheads I ever — what in blazes!" He mastered himself only after terrific effort. "What's your name?"

"Private Mike Haggerty, twentieth regiment, company C." This all went down black on white, in the General's little black book.

"That'll do! Bartley, drive on. We've had about enough of this nonsense."

Again the motor began to hum and the wheels to turn slowly. Haggerty brought his rifle to his shoulder, took a careful aim, and — hesitated.

"Wait a second!" he cried. "General?"

"And what now?"

"General," said Haggerty earnestly, "I haven't been in the army long. Would you kindly tell me something?"

"Why certainly."

"General, when your car crosses the parade ground, whom do I shoot? The General or the chauffeur?"

The General gazed steadily at the private and the private gazed steadily at the General.

"Bartley, turn around. We'll use the other road."

Private Haggerty resumed arms and continued his lonely patrol. Outwardly, he was still the picture of a perfect sentry, but inwardly he seethed with resentment, with rage and with fury at an organization so irrationally devised as the army. "I'll get out of it just as soon as I can. Swell chance I have, with the old man himself down on me."

A couple of evenings later he appeared out of the darkness and mounted the steps of Sally's home. Sally, as pretty and as laughing as ever, met him on the front porch.

"What's this?" she demanded, peering closely at his sleeve. "Come over in the light so that I can look at you. Why — Why you're a sergeant! How did it happen?"

"Special order from the old man himself! You know, the army isn't so bad after all."

## A SNOWY EVENING

By Luke B. Knapke '38

How well recorded in my mind is the memory of that one snowy evening, so white, so pure, so enchanting!

The snow began falling from a leaden sky before six o'clock. Supper over, I walked out to the front of the terrace. There were already several inches of snow, and big flakes were still silently falling. As it grew darker, lights began to flicker on in various parts of the building. Each snowflake as it passed the light from a window, glistened as if it were a diamond. So with thousands of flakes and scores of windows, one can become aware of the gorgeousness of the scene.

While watching from my position, I saw many of these lights go out, and those in the darkened chapel began to glow one by one. The voices of those reciting the rosary in unison became noticeable with the rising and falling of the wind. The snow was falling slower now, and the wind had decreased to a breeze. I had hardly noticed this change, when the sound of music was wafted to me on the breeze's wing. To accomplish such a series of swells is difficult for men alone, but when Nature helps with a simple breeze, it is made easy. "Laudate Dominum omnes gentes... Gloria Patri

et Filio et Spiritui Sancto..." The beauty of this plain chant which was traced indelibly upon my memory cannot be expressed in words.

After Benediction, the few remaining lights went out, and everything became dark. But not for long, for as I was about to go in, the clouds began to separate and gradually unveil the sky. Then the moon made its appearance. Snow, having rounded off the appearance of the lawn, began to sparkle as if made of tiny diamonds. Each crystal played its part by giving off its own reflection. Now I couldn't leave.

The moon became brighter as the last traces of clouds left the sky. A moment later its silvery white light filtered through the snow-laden branches of the trees. The trees, like phantom spectres, gave off grotesque shadows which spread themselves across the lawn. Against the lighted sky, the building appeared as a big silhouette enhanced by the layer of downy snow which caressed it. The precious quiet and the rare whiteness of the scene gave the impression of a fairy palace. Mother Nature seemed to be tucking us in under a soft blanket whose tiny threads sparkled and shone.



# THE SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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# EDITORIALS

## GUEST EDITORIAL

By The Rev. Henry Lucks, C.PP.S., Ph.D.

The Reverend Henry A. Lucks, C.PP.S., Ph. D., is a native of Beatrice, Nebraska. He entered the Community of the Most Precious Blood on December 3, 1922, and was ordained May 26, 1927. For the first six years following his ordination he taught Latin and English at St. Joseph's, attending, during the vacation months, the summer sessions at Notre Dame University and at the University of Illinois. In 1933 he registered at the Catholic University where he received his doctorate in June, 1936. Besides his dissertation, *The Philosophy of Athenagoras; its Sources and Value*, Father Lucks has written a number of articles, which have appeared in various popular and scholarly magazines. At present he is teaching philosophy at St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana.

### *Educational Aim*

Dr. Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago, in the two most recent issues of *Harper's Magazine*, reopens the question, "What is general education?" His answer repudiates the pragmatic and utilitarian norms which are characteristic of public education in America, and pleads for what is in reality the establishment of a hierarchy of mental, cultural, and technical disciplines, based

on the experience and practices of the ages. But it falls short. The discussion of the meaning of education involves more than the planning of a curriculum. Bound up inseparably with the significance of education is the meaning of life itself. Underlying any theory of education, and serving as its basis, is a theory of life and of values, — a philosophy. The answers to the questions, what is man; what is man's destiny, are the principles from which true educational theory is deduced and by which it must be governed. Education is not an end, but a means. It is the process whereby man is prepared for complete living; it is the means whereby man is made cognizant of the meaning of life and furnished with the resources that enable him to achieve his ultimate as well as his immediate end. We cannot agree with Dr. Hutchins that education, rightly understood, is "the cultivation of the intellect." Education so defined is myopic; it neglects completely the weighty and, from one viewpoint, the more important faculty of man, the will.

True education develops man intellectually and volitionally; it transmits to him as a heritage the culture of the past; it engenders an appreciation of the dignity of the individual while developing the social virtues; it imparts moral and ethical values; it teaches definite and correct doctrine concerning man's nature

## EDITORIALS

and destiny; it develops skills and techniques to prepare man for the securing of means of livelihood. That educational system which fails to take into consideration man's nature, his immediate needs and his ultimate end, his relations with fellow beings and his duties towards and his dependence upon God, defeats its own purpose.

That the ends of education, in its formal aspect, are best served by a carefully chosen and unified curriculum, as Dr. Hutchins insists, we may well agree. The various courses of a curriculum must contribute to one or the other aspect of complete living; they cannot be of equal value, nor can they, by unrelated effort, achieve their goals. There is need of unification. Among the sciences and human wisdoms there must be one supreme; one that is broad enough to include the ultimate principles of the others and to furnish the criteria and norms of their objectives. That regent of human sciences and wisdoms is philosophy. To it is assigned the highest rank in the hierarchy of disciplines merely natural; to it belongs of right the determining of the ultimate principles of less important sciences. By its nature philosophy is suited to unify the curriculum; to adjudge the proper role of each science in the general scheme; to clarify the interrelation of the various disciplines. It is alone qualified to give completeness, purpose, direction, unity to education. As a discipline itself, philosophy proposes the study and development of the highest and noblest of the human faculties. In it the human intellect finds truth, objective and ultimate and of the highest order possible to man's unaided capacity.

Without a philosophy as basis, theories of education are meaningless; the practical aspects of them, expressed in curricula, fruitless and empty. Without a true philosophy to inform it, all education is futile.

### *The Mexican Question*

Through the united efforts of its people, America is today slowly emerging from the throes of an onerous, economic depression. Meanwhile, immediately across the muddy Rio Grande, Mexico, a strife torn nation, is desperately trying to stave off that sinister demon called civil war.

The cause of this native uprising is, according to many prejudiced commentators, to be found in the Catholic Church and her attempt to educate the Mexican Indian. As a result of this false accusation governmental radicals are aiming to secure political control through a brutal suppression of the Catholic clergy and the Christianized Mexican peon. These tyrants have been given a free hand to foster a regime of riot and slaughter. Animal passions reign supreme. Shameless brutality is the order of the day. Motley hordes of ravaging people sweep down the broad avenues of Mexico City, bearing banners and shouting cries that fling defiance into the very face of God. Religion is openly blasphemed; God is maliciously outraged; civilization is ruthlessly choked. In the face of all this political writers still persist in a state of quiet acquiescence.

Powerfully, however, does this assent serve as a boomerang to their better judgment. Certainly we, as Catholics,



must agree that the Mexican peon is still very illiterate even after three centuries of close contact with Western civilization. But we do not agree that the Catholic Church and her system of education is to blame for this primitive savagery.

As is proved by history, the Spanish Catholics colonized present-day Mexico, but in contradistinction to our Puritan forefathers in Massachusetts, they attempted to civilize rather than to kill the Indian. In the United States, therefore, only one type of culture existed, whereas in Mexico there were two. The American Indian became relatively extinct; the Mexican Indian became the backbone upon which the Spaniards built a new nation. How then can anyone accuse the Catholic educational system of inadequacy when it has laboriously raised the Mexican peon to a standard equally as high as our own American Negro? How then can these prejudiced commentators disparage the Catholic system of education in Mexico without condemning the American system of Negro education? Would these same annotators uphold an American massacre of the black race, simply because they are slow in acquiring our civilization?

These few questions clearly point out the numerous inconsistencies used in dealing with the Mexican Question and the gross injustices being daily thrown at the Catholic Church in Mexico. By blaming the Catholic Church those greedy politicians who are using Mexico as a profitable hunting ground are protecting themselves not with the iron-clad shields of truth but with the leaking sieves of lies and prejudice.

R. J. T. '38

## *The Student Council*

After country-wide investigation and subsequent consideration the faculty has established a council of students who will represent student thought and opinion.

Although student self-government is not new, nor yet very old, it did not spread in Catholic colleges as rapidly as elsewhere. In the great nonsectarian universities the idea gained impetus and a large following precisely because the problem there of keeping the enormous student body in harmony with the ideals of the institution became complex. Moreover, the many students living off the campus precluded a guided student opinion. In Catholic colleges the condition differed in two respects: the ultimate aim of Catholic education is a truly spiritual life and the recognition of the seat of authority in the faculty; secondly, in most Catholic colleges size did not beg student expression.

Nevertheless, student self-government did spread to private institutions because of the very definite good which can come from wisely directed councils. That good is twofold: it solicits student sentiment in the support of ideals and traditions of the college; and it tends to make the student feel himself an integral part of the college through keen development of his social responsibilities on the campus.

Though the remote ideals of student self-government are obvious, the more proximate values deserve enumeration. It develops in particular individuals the powers of leadership; in students generally, a sense of social responsibility both to the college and to their fellows, and

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likewise the qualities of trust, mutual understanding and cooperation.

In accordance with the traditions of Saint Joseph's and its Catholic background, the council will partake more of the nature of faculty-student cooperation than of strict student self-government. The powers of the council will be chiefly advisory; whatever definitive powers it may have will be regulated by the faculty director.

The students can be sure of the wholehearted, sympathetic cooperation of the

faculty. Therefore, the degree of success in developing a truly refined collegiate atmosphere depends immediately upon you, the students. Your selection of enthusiastically ambitious representatives and the quantity and integrity of your support will determine proportionately the success of the council.

The Student Council was established for your benefit. See that it serves its end.

J. K. '39





# CRITICISM

## *Books*

VOLTAIRE  
*by Alfred Noyes*

*Voltaire* is a most unusual book. It is written in a singularly interesting manner from a most unique point of view. That Alfred Noyes, a Catholic and a poet, has written the life of the poet Voltaire is in itself a notable fact; but considered in the new light he pictures the "genius of mockery" it is an astounding revelation. From the mass of old and newly available material Alfred Noyes presents the religious and political ideas of his subject in such a light that, while it is highly interesting and refreshing, it would probably have surprised and amused even Voltaire himself. The atmosphere in which the author places Voltaire is so totally unlike the man that in some instances the book has the appearance of being the biography of a martyr.

In bold words the seemingly sincere yet more than slightly misguided author declares all others of his hero's biographers to be either ignorant of the genuine circumstances enshrouding the satirist's life or wilfully malicious. He claims that all other biographies are loaded with subtle misrepresentations and tinged with fabulous anecdotes which are not able to be proved from any reliable sources. On the other hand he claims that he alone, from the mountainous mass of accumulated material, traditions, and

stories concerning his questionable hero, knows the facts and is able to distinguish between the true and the false. In proof of this statement he remarks that he has read everything written by Voltaire, even though it runs to nearly a hundred volumes. Out of these letters, journals, plays, and miscellaneous writings he creates a new man. His book is really, so to speak, the remaking of the notorious Frenchman. He finds in him not a bitter enemy of the Catholic Church but in fact a deeply religious man. Voltaire has been known since the time of his death as a great poet, an extraordinary wit, and to some few as a philosopher, which he was not. But never has he been known as any other than a destroyer, — a destroyer particularly of states and religion.

That Mr. Noyes has a bias, and twists the evidence to suit his purpose goes without saying. On the very score he found, or thought he found, his contemporaries wanting, he likewise is found lacking. Nevertheless, we cannot but feel that the author is convinced that all the preceding commentators were prejudiced and that he alone is impartial. There is indeed much in Voltaire's writings to confirm many of Noyes' statements. But a man must be judged by the sum total of his influences rather than by his good intentions; the latter more often than not were the main hinges on which the author attached his conclusions. Despite the fact that Mr. Noyes goes far deeper



into the subject than do most historians, he has nevertheless emerged with a man far different from the one who was the great symbol of refusal against belief as well as against authority.

In spite of the side of the fence on which Mr. Noyes puts himself, he presents the biography in such a charming manner, and his events are depicted in such vigorous, well-knit and supple prose that it cannot help but intrigue its millions of readers. Its high literary value, classic compactness, and precision of phrase will make the book imperishable as a diamond.

Edmund J. Ryan '38

MEXICAN MARTYDOM

by Wilfred Parsons, S. J.

In the foreword to *Mexican Martyrdom* the author, Wilfred Parsons, S. J., clearly reveals the nature of the work: "This book is an attempt to illustrate by a recital of facts the nature of a struggle that has gone on in a neighboring country for the past ten years." A limited number of pseudocritics may brand the volume as prejudiced, but if they take any heed at all of the sources both of the quotations and incidents found therein they will withhold their criticism. Father Parsons draws his quotations, as much as possible, from writers who have been generally known as favorable to the Mexican Government. Many of the incidents he relates are personal experiences or first-hand accounts of eye-witnesses. Other material, the exhaustive reports of the administrators of the various Mexican dioceses, he has gathered from the archives of the Apostolic Delegate to Mexico. With such a foundation

the contents of the book should prove acceptable even to those who are inclined to be skeptical.

I would say that the theme of the book is a treatise on Mexican faith and the question, shall it remain. At the very outset the author portrays a vivid picture of a faithful Indian kneeling, absorbed in prayer. By means of the many tales that follow he clearly shows that such deep roots cannot be upturned, much as the ambitious leaders of Mexico, fearing and hating the Church, are attempting to do so. These leaders have inaugurated a genuine mixture of the Anglican Days, the Black and Tan War, and Russian Progressiveness; they have spun a web of laws sanctioned by severe penalties for their infringement, all in an effort to toll the death knell of the Church. But the Church, cognizant of these outrages, has resorted to its old stand-bys of past ages: priests in disguise; catacomb-like meeting places; trust in God. Some, indeed, when matters became too involved, took up arms, fled to the hills, and were determined to offer terror for terror; theirs was not a religious war but a defense of rights. For them it had become a matter of bullets not ballots.

Then followed a slight lull in the action, the government meanwhile delving into politics, labor and education. Soon the black clouds of hatred were again heavily banked, and the storm broke out anew. The former reign of terror was magnified, and in addition, heavy blows were struck through obligatory sexual and socialistic education. This resolved itself into no decency for Mexico.

To give a personal criticism of this

## CRITICISM

book, it should be judged in the light of the author's purpose. He has done what he intended to do: the time was ripe for facts on the Mexican question; these the author reveals in their true colors. Since Mexico is predominantly Catholic, a Catholic philosophy guides its people. *Mexican Martyrdom* views their struggle in this light. I would not class the many tales of this suffering people as horror stories fit only for newspapers; there is something too sincere in them for that. To me this book sets forth an ideal study of faith, that mystical something that many cannot understand. The narratives are not only typical of the Mexicans but also vivid and interesting in themselves. However, they do not put the usual halo upon the ever-zealous clergy, but expose the real soul of the Mexican laity. The author gives an account of heroic deeds, but he also portrays the occasional traitor and disposes of government frame-ups in a very satisfactory manner.

This book is not only enjoyable reading matter but instructive and inspiring toward religious ideals as well. As for style it is as simple as this sort of writing requires; there is plenty of variety and color, and some choice mental pictures. In all, I would sum it up as an excellent book on the Mexican question, one which I would sincerely recommend to those who, frightened by its title, might rashly judge it to be some more pious drivel.

Clarence Wolski '37

### *Films*

A movie that capably tempers a cinema lover's desire for real drama is

Columbia's dramatic film transcription of George Kelly's Pulitzer Prize play of 1936, *Craig's Wife*. Starring Rosalind Russell and John Boles, this photoplay furnishes mental entertainment for the more mature minds. It is strong drama, realistic, well played, and is skillfully directed by Dorothy Arzner.

Happily apparent is the fact that the script by Mary McCall Jr. was cleverly patterned upon the original; nevertheless, the significant feature of this production is the revelation that Rosalind Russell is an actress of eloquence and conviction. As the malicious yet pitiable wife she is given the best opportunity of her screen career, and she makes use of all reasonable means to display her talent. Miss Russell puts every degree of calculating coldness into the making a fetish of her home. Her vivid and bitter performance is pleasingly accurate.

Her splendid portrayal is built upon the story of how Harriet Craig arranged her entire life to satiate her mania for a house, a symbol of security and material things. She makes her husband a virtual prisoner in his own castle, and he, because he loves her and love is blind, takes it. But eventually that false security crumbles, leaving her in full possession of her house only to find it a fearful and empty thing.

John Boles plays the role of the genteel and duped husband exceptionally well, though a vengeful audience probably could glory in his going on more of a tear on deciding to smash his wife's taboos and vases. John Boles' sympathetic portrayal clearly brings to light the contrasting characters of husband against wife.

Others in the cast who contribute out-



standing performances are Billie Burke, still a bit fluttery but nevertheless a very dependable next-door neighbor, and portly Jane Darwell, who plays the punctilious housekeeper so well that she is never out of a job as one.

Outside of the end, exemplifying the tragic moral that "People who live to themselves generally are left to themselves," this clever joining of fine acting and simple story still possesses the vibrant appeal that won for George Kelly the Pulitzer Prize.

Richard J. Trame '38

## *Magazines*

Numerous photographs of stage sets and of leading actors and actresses; reviews of current Broadway productions that are short, snappy, and to the point; several lengthy treatments of the more prominent productions; short stories concerning various phases of theatre life; a most ludicrous drama — all in one magazine. If it is true that variety is the spice of life, then let me add that *Stage* is genuine Mexican Chili. It has variety not only in its presentation of material but also in its scope of subject matter. "*Stage* is a national publication which aims impartially to record and interpret the most significant and interesting events in the field of the theatre and its cognate arts — including motion pictures, music, radio, the dance, and the entire field of after-dark entertainment — here and abroad."

In the November issue, now on the magazine rack in the Reading Room, there are numerous interesting articles, interesting each from a different point of view so that almost anyone will find

something in it to attract him. The legitimate-stage enthusiast will be delighted with the two articles criticizing and describing Hamlet as portrayed by John Gielgud. "Gielgud's Hamlet," says Guthrie McClintic in criticizing the play, "a sensitive synthesis of cerebral and emotional intensity, flawless technique, and rare vocal beauty, creates for his fellow players and his audiences a mood so searching and so true as to make it one of the high theatre experiences of our time." And judging from the distinguished characters who flocked to Broadway to see the first performance, coming from all parts of the United States and even from London, we can rest assured that Mr. Gielgud is more than an ordinary actor. Then, too, the very unique article on Shakespeare, written by Leslie Howard, will certainly win your approval by its novelty alone. Mr. Howard imagines himself as a co-worker with Shakespeare in a theatrical enterprise, and trying to forget that his partner is separated from him by over three hundred years, he has a most interesting conversation with him. The Shakespeare lover will be highly delighted to read this little conversation, which throws new light on the character of Shakespeare himself.

You music lovers will find excellent articles on opera, symphony, musical technique and radio, that are both pleasant and enlightening. A biography of W. S. Gilbert, the librettist of the famous Gilbert-Sullivan operettas, the centenary of whose birth is celebrated this year, is well-written not only from the literary but also from the instructive point of view. A beautiful tribute of praise is extended to the Philadelphia

## CRITICISM

Symphony Orchestra for its beautiful tone, fine co-ordination, and great aggregate virtuosity. Kurt Weill in his article, "The Alchemy of Music," gives interesting theories of the future of music in the theatre. To the famous radio personages, likewise, compliments, right handed and left handed, are generously apportioned.

To the director of the WPA Federal Theatre Project came a very amusing letter from Newman Levy. Mr. Levy claims that with the right show and cast and with several road companies the profit would be so great that we could balance the Federal budget, solve the unemployment problem, and end the depression. "Of course," says Mr. Levy, "it all depends upon getting the right show. And since I can't think of anyone able to write it as well as myself, I've jotted down the following notes which will give you an idea." And then follow his notes, so ludicrous and amusing that one almost believes his previous boast. If you can appreciate a good joke, this one will bowl you over.

We sincerely hope that *Stage* will be helpful in acquainting you with the theatre and its cognate arts.

E. G. '37

Expatriating on the recent literary discourses of George Goyau exposing the remarkable trend in modern France to-

ward the endorsement and pursuit of religious culture, Joseph B. Code presents a striking, educational article in the *America* (Nov. 14, 1936), divulging the vicissitudes of the French Church against the combating forces of the State and the inroads of the intellectualists. To overthrow the dominating influences of the latter regime a combat of literary endeavor ensued, with French Christendom rising like a mighty wave to stem the ebbing tide of religious culture, all of which found expression in countless volumes of unusual merit. Embracing all fields allied with religion, a splendid array of publications was forthcoming and was sought as coveted treasures in the archives of the great libraries and universities of the world. But with Europe suddenly gripped in the throes of the World War, research was quickly suppressed, only to burst forth into even more glorious success when quasi normal conditions were again established.

In this concise and pointed discourse, Joseph B. Code directs the attention of clergy and laity alike to the phenomenal outpouring of invaluable religious matter, and offers it as a challenge to the rest of the world to produce works of equal literary value as an effective reply to an age essentially hostile to the teachings of Christ.

Richard Doyle '39





# EXCHANGES

*The St. Vincent Journal* from St. Vincent College, Latrobe, Pennsylvania, with its short, newspaper-style items of campus activities, indicates an ambitious group of budding journalists at the helm.

In the November issue we take special notice of the article, "Wayne Clapper Fools Noted English Prof.," an amusing incident written up in a mixture of twentieth century jargon, with biblical expression and perhaps a little Chinese lingo thrown in for good measure. The reader is certainly due a hearty laugh when he "sitteth" down and "readeth" said little article.

A copy of the speech, "Spain's Struggle Against Anarchism and Marxism," comprises the most outstanding point of interest in this issue. Sane and thorough in its discussion of the Spanish civil war, it gives the straight Catholic viewpoint on the question.

On first impression we thought we had picked up a recent issue of *Travel Magazine* when paging through the October number of *The Marywood College Bay Leaf*. Detailed and interesting reports of vacations spent in nearly every section of North America fill a considerable portion of the sixty pages of this issue.

Those who do most of their traveling via the printed page see in the first half of "Marvels of the Washoe" a vivid, nearly poetic advertisement of a relatively unsung bit of California's scenic beauty. In the remaining half it appears as though a second writer took up the pen

and tacked on her share of the article. We realize that a travel article must consist essentially of a series of disconnected single impressions. Nevertheless we believe the author could have produced a more effective essay by elaborating on either of the two distinct and equally prominent topics — Lake Tahoe or the squaw-artist, Datsolalee.

What a noticeable difference we see in the consistent and coherent style of "Cheeckako Meets Sourdough," a refreshing first-hand account of a six-weeks' vacation in Alaska.

With "A Satrap's Palace," an informative article concerning the elaborate and fantastic mansion of the owners of the famed Comstock Lode, the West is abandoned (until the next post-vacation issue) in favor of the East.

The article, "To Maine and Back," gives the high lights of a New England trip a-la-mode de Samuel Pepys. The personal touch brought about by the fresh, informal style arouses the reader's interest considerably.

"Speaking of Vacations" expresses the "ohs and ahs" of a sight-seeing tour in Canada. Beginning with a flowing account of the pleasant reactions experienced on viewing Niagara Falls, the St. Lawrence River countryside, Toronto, and Montreal, the article ends in a rather ambiguous manner.

After all these glowing accounts persuading us to travel we come upon the title "Don't Travel — Stay Home!"

## EXCHANGES

Its arguments are sufficiently convincing to make a prospective traveler think twice before forsaking the comforts of the fireside in favor of the open road.

Strange to say, the short story, "Illusion by Letter," created no genuine interest in our mind for any of the three characters. We recall them as vague concepts with names attached to them. All three, in both speech and action, reveal basically the same personality. Let's not reduce our characters to mere puppets; let's give them a chance to act with the freedom of individuality.

When Shakespeare's Puck, in a streak of his impish sagacity, remarked, "What fools these mortals be!" he most certainly might have had in mind Dave Roberts, the apex of the triangle in "New and Different." Dave, of the type easily turned by a sweet face, deserts his "steady" for a siren only to realize his mistake immediately. Both he and the jellyfish have one thing in common. Thus we see in this story characterization of a higher level although the plot itself is based on the time-worn triangle.

Turning to the editorials, the first of these, "We're Back Again," summarizes in few and well-chosen words the annual

return to the routine of student life. It hits the spot.

Finally, as one Exchange Department to another, we have one point to lay before you. We are convinced that the policy of your department consists in handling articles to be criticized with gloves, as it were. Let's have instead some genuine constructive criticism. The Exchange Departments of college journals have frequently been ignored as being a mutual glad-hand association. Shall we continue to allow this accusation to be aimed at us?

We also appreciate the following additional exchanges: *The Cadet Journal* (St. Joseph's Military Academy); *The Xaverian News* (Xavier University); *The Torch* (Valparaiso University); *The St. Mary's Collegian* (St. Mary's College); *The Aquinas* (St. Thomas College); *The Ritan* (St. Rita High School); *The Wag* (Routt High School); *The Pacific Star* (Mount Angel College); *The Daily Iowan* (University of Iowa); *The Gleaner* (St. Joseph's College); *The Salesianum* (St. Francis Seminary); *The Aurora* (St. Mary-of-the-Woods College); *The Fleur de Lis* (St. Louis University).

J. G. L. '39





# ALUMNI

On the date of October 19, the Reverend Joseph Waechter '96, received his summons to the beatific court of the Lord.

*Orate*

*Pro*

*Eis*

Father Waechter was born on August 9, 1876. In compliance with the call of the Master he entered Saint Joseph's College in 1891, the date of the College's opening, to prepare himself for the priesthood. Incidentally he was the first student to officially tread the college portal. While at college he participated body and soul in the Columbian Literary Society, which at that time was yet "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms." Military training also captivated his interest partly because it was the chief medium of recreation.

The ambition of his college and seminary days was realized when he was ordained in 1902. Twenty years later marked for him, after serving in numerous capacities, the beginning of his pastorate at Saint Joseph's Church, Fremont, Ohio, which he held to his dying day. During the fourteen years of his ministry at Saint Joseph's he effected numerous innovations, one being the addition of the fourth year to the parish high school. In 1933 he directed the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration of the founding of the parish.

Now God has found fit to call him unto an eternal celebration which he need not direct, but only enjoy. Requiescat in pace.

To all his friends and relatives the Collegian Staff expresses its heartfelt sympathy.

Our attention was recently directed to the death of Mr. James Conroy, Sr., the brother of Right Reverend Monsignor Conroy '96, and father of James Conroy, Jr., '32. To these two Alumni and the many friends of Mr. Conroy the Collegian Staff expresses its deepest regret and sympathy.

Harken, you students from the Calumet region, and prepare between Christmas dinner and December

Alumni-Student 28 for another banquet

*Banquet*

quiet; you are to be the guests of the "old" boys, who are taking you to the Lake Hotel in Gary. We don't know what all is in store for you, but we do know from the celebration of last year that you can look forward to nothing less than the best. Better take an extra sock or two along, for this is to be a Christmas party, and Santa may still be lurking about. At any rate we know that one of the members of the Calumet Chapter of Alumni will be feeling very much like Santa Claus, for on Thanksgiving Day he celebrated his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. If you want to know who he is, ask Fred Jones, our present football captain.

## ALUMNI

Just as vivacious as brief was the responsive missive of Father I. A. Rapp. Our journal seems to have touched a note of appreciation in his heart, for he responds thus: "The new dress of the Collegian is very appealing, nifty and in excellent form." Thank you, Father, for your kind congratulations and wishes to the staff; in return, our wishes to you are none the less.

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Father Francis Uecker, '27, erstwhile assistant prefect of discipline at Saint Joseph's, informs us that he is now striving to fulfill the duties of assistant at Saint Anthony Church, Detroit. Besides his priestly duties he is in charge of all athletic activities of the parish. Father Emil Meyer, '28, our correspondent enlightens us, is responsible for the dramatic achievements of the parish; Father Herbert Linnenberger, '29, directs the proceedings of the Anthonander Mission Society. Success in your every endeavor, Fathers.

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"As a slight token of gratitude" Father Henry A. Busemeyer, '30, sent his subscription to the Collegian. Recently Father assumed the duties of chaplain at Saint John's Orphanage, Covington, Kentucky. This entails the supervision of about 100 small orphans — sheep, as one of his classmates called them. In addition to this, he is laboring in the Educational Department of the diocese. It is our hope, Father, that you are able to ward off the big bad wolf from your little sheep.

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In a recent issue we mentioned that Saint Joseph's Alumni are becoming more represented in every field of en-

deavor. Just as another piece of evidence, Steve Toth, '29, is a prospective All American fullback. Needless to say he is playing with the (at the present writing) undefeated team of Northwestern University. It has been his brilliant kicking and all-round work which has won many a game for them this year. More power to you, Steve, especially through the line.

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In the first issue of the Collegian we stated that Gomar De Cocher, '25, was stationed at Porto Rico. According to his recent letter to one of the staff members he is helping protect the Panama Canal Zone in Panama. It seems that Gomar is having the time of his life killing 150 pound alligators, boa constrictors ten feet long, and the like — so he says. Although he claims the soldier's life is a cinch, he also states that he would much rather be at college helping the boys win a few football games. That's the spirit, "Cop."

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One of our enthusiastic Alumni, A. McCoy, '21, a very reminiscent sort of chap, has suggested that we inaugurate a column in the Alumni Department dealing with amusing facts of yesteryears. In order that this project might materialize immediately, he himself has submitted a few items. They follow:

### Does It Register?

The horse-drawn hack with red plush seats met all incoming trains, and the driver would call out: "Uptown, downtown, all around town, McKeever Hotel."

"Windy" Atkinson used to get his weekly bath via the lake.

We had those hotly contested Junior

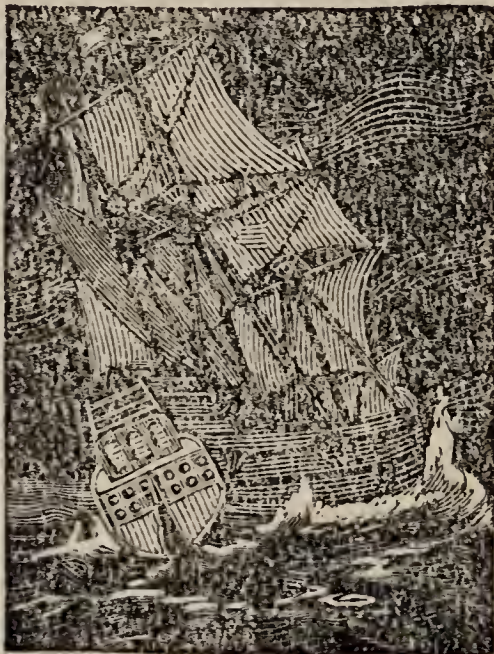


## THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

League baseball games.

It is up to each and every one of you, Alumni, to see that this column receives support; that is if it touches your fancy. It can be made a very pleasant manner of reliving college days. So how about every one of you, after

reading this, going to work and jotting down a few incidents of college life which are a continual source of pleasure to you? Remember if *you* don't respond neither will the other fellow. We'll have our mail carrier supplied with an extra sack, so don't hesitate to write.



# CAMPUS

## *Clubs*

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

**The Queen's Husband**

*A Comedy in Three Acts*

By Robert Emmet Sherwood

Presented by the

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

College Auditorium November 23, 1936

### Characters

King Eric VIII .....	Paul Zeller
General Northup .....	Theodore Wilk
Lord Birten .....	Edward Burrell
Frederick Granton .....	William Ott
Doctor Fellman .....	Joseph Scheuer
Mr. Laker .....	Caspar Bonifas
Prince William .....	Edward Gruber
Phipps .....	Kenneth Couhig
Petley .....	Robert Danehy
Major Blent .....	Joseph Flannery
Queen Martha .....	John Bannon
Princess Ann .....	Robert Dwyer
Soldiers .....	William Dine
	Frank Kleinhenz

This play was a definite step toward a higher level of dramatics at this college. Unquestionably it was the best production on this stage in several years. The reaction of the audience was very enthusiastic, and its comments were entirely favorable. If this same level is maintained in succeeding plays there will be no more harking back to the dramatic successes of former years.

The plot was familiar. The royal family sitting on a tottering throne, a

revolution breaking out with the support of the masses, the generalissimo of the army obtaining control of the parliament and setting himself up as dictator to squelch the abortive uprising, the leader of the revolutionist party demanding the king's abdication, the royal family meanwhile having difficulties with internal domestic troubles, all combined to lend the play the atmosphere of a story read long before and heard many times. Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of the royal family was its decidedly unroyal activities and mannerisms. The very unking-like king seemed more a hen-pecked unobtrusive office assistant than one possessed of regal power. The quite unprincess-like princess exhibited rather definite central-American traits. The queen was a queen like only a certain famous queen of merry old England. The play, however, being more or less a caricature of the royal families of Europe, no objection should be raised to this unfaithful portrayal of the ideal conception of royalty. The marriage of the princess to a foreign prince has been arranged by the queen, but she is in love with the royal secretary. Quite naturally complications arise. After losing many opportunities of eloping with her commoner-lover, she is suddenly and unexpectedly married to him by her father the king, who has finally steeled himself to assert his constitutional rights by forcing the



## THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

resignation of the parvenu dictator and replacing him by the leader of the revolutionist party.

Paul Zeller in carrying the principal role of the king made the mistake of fashioning his presentation after the acting of some other artist. His acting was evidently an impersonation. While the impersonation was executed with absolute consistency and marked success we feel that he would have done better had he given an original interpretation to his role. John Bannon as the queen gave perhaps the best performance of the play. He carried his role with excellent grace and dignity and at times with real feeling. Robert Dwyer, the princess, presented a charming appearance and played his part well except for some inconsistency which arose from the inherent difficulty of his role and the ludicrous situations into which he was placed. William Ott gave an excellent portrayal of the assiduous secretary and somewhat diffident lover.

Since a play is meant to be a representation of life, some must play the minor roles. This, however, does not mean that the minor roles are less important or easier to portray than the major ones. Kenneth Couhig gave a very amusing insight into the eccentricities of mien and speech of the royal doorman who played checkers with the king. Edward Gruber, the foreign prince, gave a faithful and amusing picture of that disgusting gentleman, aided greatly by a peculiar foreign accent. Theodore Wilk portrayed flawlessly the gruff and iron-fisted militarist-statesman. Caspar Bonifas appeared as a rough and unpolished statesman fighting unrelentingly for the rights of his people. Edward Burrell gave a good characterization of

the typical court sycophant. Joseph Scheuer was the typical old-world statesman. Joseph Flannery was the typical army man, faultless at obeying orders but evincing little evidence of intelligence. Robert Danehy, a doorman, seized every opportunity to make facetious grimaces and veiled innuendos at his not-so-dearly beloved queen. William Dine and Frank Kleinhenz, the soldiers, were amply recompensed for their brief and silent appearance by what followed the play.

We do not fail to realize that the above criticism of the cast is quite favorable, but we know that it is sincere. The play was truly delightful from curtain to curtain. The only major objection is that those in the rear of the auditorium experienced difficulty in understanding the players. This was the case, we are told, because the set-up of the stage forced the actors to perform too far to the rear of the stage. We have a comment to make on the audience. Some people possess a remarkable faculty for making of themselves those peculiar braying animals which we commonly term asses, as exemplified by their boisterous and distasteful braying at the initial appearance of Robert Dwyer as the princess.

The performance of the College concert orchestra was a decided improvement over its last appearance. Perhaps we must ascribe this to the fact that two professors, Fr. Siegrist and Fr. Lucks, who long ago in their own student days performed in the same pit under the same baton, appeared that evening with the orchestra. Professor Tonner chose for this occasion Friml's "Rose Marie," Lehar's "Frasquita," and Rubenstein's "Reve Angelique." About one-third of

## CAMPUS

the audience evidenced their inability to appreciate good music and their utter lack of common decency by their continuous talking throughout the music.

### NEWMAN CLUB

If a good beginning is a prediction of a successful end, the activities of the Newman Club of this scholastic year will certainly be successful. Since the election of officers only two meetings have been held, yet enough has been done to bring to light not only the general enthusiasm of the members but also the good judgment of the society in the selection of able leaders.

In their well-delivered acceptance speeches the officers expressed their sincere appreciation for the honor of being entrusted with the leadership of the society, and in addition voiced their desire to further the interests of the organization as much as possible. After making known their intentions as to the manner of performing the various duties required by their positions they earnestly requested the cooperation of every Newmanite.

Despite the fact that only a few individuals have appeared in the two short private programs, it is quite evident that in general the members of the Newman Club are endowed with a certain amount of natural ability in literary and oratorical work. A necessary amount of practice and experience will surely cause this talent to reach a developed stage.

The exemplary conduct displayed and the careful attention given to speakers and performers at club meetings evidence the fact that a spirit of interest and

enthusiasm is prevailing throughout the society. Let us hope that this attitude is not merely a temporary one caused by the novelty of the undertaking, but a permanent one produced by a realization of the worthy purpose of the society, and stimulated by the desire to take advantage of the splendid opportunities offered by that organization.

Walter Dery '39

### RALEIGH CLUB

Moments spent in the Raleigh Club are gay. After tense hours in the study hall or strenuous hours in the classroom a cigarette and easy camaraderie that is always present in the clubrooms are sure means to ease jaded nerves and rest tired minds. The fellows appreciate the Raleigh Club. They love that spirit of fellowship that flows spontaneously whenever a group is gathered around a radio or loosely strewn among the chairs.

The now lounging room exceeds expectations. The excellent radio, the many easy chairs, the several floor lamps and smoking stands, all help to lend a friendly atmosphere to this spacious room. For those who like a cigarette with their reading or enjoy their radio programs best without the din of crashing billiard balls or the slapping of cards ringing in their ears the place is ideal.

In years past the spirit of fellowship that exists in the Raleigh Club was especially cemented by the programs that were presented at intervals. These programs also served as a means whereby the members could demonstrate their talents along the line of entertainment. Therefore we advocate the return and frequent presentation of these programs.



## THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

### MONOGRAM CLUB

During the past month St. Joseph's exclusive Monogram Club has come to the fore in scope of activities, therefore, we are glad to recognize their successful efforts. The splendor of their new and roomy club no doubt has played its part in these spirited endeavors, yet we are inclined to believe that the officers as well as the ambitious group of members have contributed the greater stimuli. Individual effort, we are certain, was very pronounced during the recent raffle sponsored by this organization.

About three weeks previous to that historic St. Joe - Central Normal game the "J" boys were haunting every pocketbook and even the loose change in both Collegeville and Rensselaer. The slogan seemed to be, "Did you get your tickets yet?" The prize, the football used in the last game of the season, was in itself sufficient to cause a fiery gleam in the eyes of everyone. I am sure the club extends its appreciation to every possessor of one of these tickets and to Father Gilbert Esser, the winner, their congratulations. We bystanders must hand it to St. Joe athletes for their keen business eye.

In addition to a keen business eye this group of men possesses a sense of beauty, a beauty most uncanny, too, for we understand that the interior decorator will soon hang beautiful drapes on every window in the clubroom in order to add to the present home-like atmosphere. Many like improvements have taken place already, such as new shades for the reading lamps, a handsome clock, beautiful pictures, and, in general, everything but cookies for the boys.

Furthermore, it is a surprise to learn

that this organization is carrying on every meeting in conformity with the rules of Parliamentary Law. Yes, our athletes are here not solely for athletics but also to educate themselves. Their Monogram Club verifies this statement. We understand that those measures which at present "lie on the table" hold in store for us many more surprises. This unfinished business at the moment awaits the master of the gavel, "Keed" Scharf, and his ambitious colleagues to return from their big turkey dinners.

P. W.

### *Locals*

In the last few years St. Joe has been making rapid strides in athletic, cultural, and scholastic achievements. By the re-

	cent publication,
<i>Syllogisms</i>	through the American
<i>Plus</i>	Book Company, of
	Father Sylvester Hart-
	man's <i>Textbook of Logic</i> , no small con-
	tribution was made to the already en-
	viable reputation of its faculty. This
	scholarly work will henceforth be used
	as the textbook of logic in St. Joseph's
	department of philosophy.

Father Hartman is widely recognized as a logician of the highest calibre, and well deserves the many congratulations and commendations which he has received since the publication of his book. His work represents the result of an exhaustive study of the subject as well as twenty years of practical teaching experience in the classroom. We unite our congratulations with those of your other well-wishers, Father Hartman, and sincerely hope that your book will have a circulation wholly in keeping with its great merit.

## CAMPUS

After exhaustive investigation and due consideration the faculty of St. Joseph's established a student *Student Council* council which was readily endorsed by the *Introduced* student body itself.

The council, which gives the students an opportunity to express their views on curricular and non-curricular affairs under the direction of a faculty adviser, is based upon the best and most effective points from the councils of sixty American Colleges and Universities. The council's powers are chiefly advisory; nevertheless, they are both broad and inclusive.

At present there are eight members on the council, six representing the college department; the remaining two, members of the high school. In 1938, when St. Joseph's confers its first undergraduate degrees, eleven members will sit on the council. Each class in college will be granted two seats, the senior class in high school will be honored with one seat, while one member will act in behalf of the three lower classes. Membership is open to any student receiving the plurality of votes of his respective class.

From the enthusiasm portrayed at the announcement of the council's establishment, a new popular era seems to be in store for the students at St. Joseph's College.

The evening of November 7 found the fifth year class assembled to a man in the decorated Raleigh Club, for the purpose of cementing the ties of friendship among the members of the Freshman

Class in a rousing get-together party. In a place of particular prominence hung the purple and gold class banner embellished with the motto, "Pals Forever."

With the playing of the class song, "Friends and Pals Forever," the fifth year orchestra, under the mutual direction of "Chink" Heiman and "Bill" Ott, opened what was destined to be undoubtedly one of the social high lights of the year. With a few apt remarks and jokes (?) John Bannon, the Master of Ceremonies, started the ball rolling. A few seconds later the orchestra broke into the strains of "She Shall Have Music," which was followed by a short comical skit, "The Three Stooges," featuring George Fey, Ben Staudt, and "Harpo" Foreman. The other high lights of the well-balanced and pleasingly executed program were the unique renditions of a unique German band, a post-election skit by "Lepus" Diller, "Star Dust" by Collegeville's melodious whistler, Tommy Anderson, and "Little Hooking Red Ride," a musical concatenation. The outstanding stars were the two distinguished song-birds of the campus, "Joe" Sciulli and "Rip" Moorman. Joe sang "Can't You Hear Me Calling Caroline," and under the pressure of voluminous applause, rendered as only he can render "Old Man River." Among "Rip's" selections the one which most impressed the audience was "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life," which he sang in connection with a medley from *Naughty Marietta*. At the close of the formal entertainment, the class rose and sang in mighty unison the class song. The mind having been somewhat appeased, the lesser cravings of man asserted them-



## THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

selves, and not too bashfully the members approached the banquet tables for an informal luncheon.

The Freshmen were honored and delighted to have with them Father Fehrenbacher, Dean of Students, who favored them with an inspiring address on "Good-fellowship." Bro. Henry Kosalko, the Assistant Football Coach, and Mr. Kenneth Couhig, President of the Raleigh Club, were other distinguished guests. The evening, an evening of unbridled joy for every freshman, ended all too soon, but thanks to memory the vividness of its scintillating joy lingers on.

If ever there was the slightest doubt as to the superior popularity of the Raleigh Smoking Club as a social unit on the campus, the recent cozy addition of a new lounge room full of cheery sunshine has banished decisively the least shadow of that doubt. For it is the especial duty of this room to banish shadows — our shadows of fatigue, of worry, and of loneliness.

A radio, several new easy chairs and as many older ones, two new floor lamps, two magazine racks and six new ash trays, sentineled here and there over the sleek linoleum, make up the elaborate furniture of this "Castle of Indolence." At all hours of the day may be seen through its portals the elongated coils of blending smoke curling lazily ceilingward, while the mellow tones of a subdued dial-melody float soothingly from lounge to lounge, thence through window, wall, and door, to lure the casual passer-by into this hangout of luxurious lovers of leisurely lounging; and no true Raleigh-

ian can resist the appeal of peaceful otiosity.

Through this new feature the club has indeed developed a true home-like atmosphere; it is becoming more and more a real place for a cozy chat, an enjoyable smoke, and a pleasant loll.

On the Wednesday evening of November 11 forty well-dressed gentlemen including Father Kenkel and Koenn, Coach Ray De Cook, Assistant Coach Kosalko, the members of this year's great grid squad, managers and cheerleader enjoyed a very delightful football banquet.

For forty-five minutes the group engrossed in the imbibing of food fit for any king. After all "tummies" were filled everyone became silent as Father Koenn, acting as master of ceremonies, rose and spoke briefly, expressing the necessity and value of fair play in all athletics. Our Very Rev. Rector, Father Kenkel, gave an exceedingly interesting comment on the value of athletics in general. Coach Ray De Cook then expressed his views on the football season and modestly gave all praise for our very successful grid campaign to the members of the team. Assistant Coach Kosalko also gave a few of his side lights on the pigskin days of the past two months.

Fifteen deserving Cards then proudly expanded their chests when they were announced as winners of monograms. The praiseworthy stalwarts who received letters were: Dreiling, Weaver, Scharf, Jones, Gillig, Glorioso, Weyer, Johnson, Bonifas, Yocis, Raterman, Moore, Badke, Wilkinson and Michalewicz.

## CAMPUS

"Rosie" Glorioso and "Butch" Bonifas, the two members of the squad who will be leaving us this year, were called upon to say something by the roaring approval of the crowd. They did and were rewarded by the cheering plaudits of the assembly.

Under the guidance of Ray De Cook ballots were passed out to the Monogram winners, who proceeded to vote for next year's football captain. A rip-roaring, hard-fighting grid hero, our own "Nub" Dreiling, was unanimously chosen to guide the destinies of next year's squad.

A town night was granted to the banqueteers, and then a free show through the courtesy of the manager of the Ritz theatre topped off a very pleasant evening.

—

Unprecedented in the history of St. Joe, a huge bonfire and pep meeting was staged on the eve of the Central Normal grid classic. It was new; it was full of vim and gayety; full of characteristic St. Joe pep. Cheers, yells, songs, speeches and music beside the crackle and soft glow of the bonfire rang out over the campus for the first time in forty-one years at St. Joe.

The wildly enthusiastic crowd, willing to do anything to help the St. Joe Cards win the Normal battle, were little less than a horde of Indians having a snake dance around the burning embers before going on the warpath. With blood-curdling yells and ear-splitting cheers bursting forth from each and every one, St. Joe ended its first unforgettable bonfire pep session.

For twenty long years that spire of steel has roamed the heavens unmolested;

*The Doctor* for twenty lusty winters she has braved  
*Called* those northern breathers. Twenty heat-

blistering summers have not tarnished her majestic sheen as she towered high above the spires of St. Joe, bearing our own stars and stripes. But our flagpole finally saw mother earth for the first time the other day in order to have her long lean frame straightened. Yes, she had a case of backache and was forced to bend over from the ravages of the wind; but who wouldn't, being twenty years in company with the clouds. However, "Doctor" Schumacher remedied this ill and put her in straight, tiptop shape, fit for any flagpole-sitting Kelly.

—

Was it due to the flourishing close which the Cards gave to the football season that a free day was

*Free Day* granted to the students on Monday, November 2?

Much to our chagrin a slow drizzle made the entire day most unadaptable for the usual free-day enterprises. Despite this most unwelcome trick of Mother Nature, overcoats, trenchcoats, old hats, and rubbers were donned in the afternoon, and the main road to town was trekked by a considerable number of collegians. The show on that day was deemed enjoyable, but those who faced the elements to see it were repaid by a good soaking on their return to the college.

No matter how bad the weather, nothing could overshadow the great enjoyment which everyone experienced on this much-wished-for, well-repaid free day.



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On October 31, the day of the Central Normal game, three familiar faces were seen gracing the campus of St. Joe. "Cy" Gaffney, "Butterball" O'Keefe and "Bill" Tallon spent the week end visiting their former friends and classmates in the Sophomore and Junior classes. O'Keefe has matriculated at De Paul University, where he is playing a bang-up game of football on the freshman squad. Tallon is delving deep into the volumes of archaeology at the University of Chicago, where he is rumored to be throwing the profs into spasms of laughter with his famed "Roosian" accent.

The three boys enjoyed their stay very much. "Cy" got a big kick out of watching his former team-mates wallop Normal. O'Keefe was greatly pleased with the softness of the new beds (We all remember how "Butterball" loved to sleep). Tallon stared in wonder when he saw chicken as the coup-de-grace of the Sunday dinner. As the boys later remarked, "Yes, indeed, St. Joe has surely changed."

Thanks, fellows, for your loyalty to your old "alma mammy." Come again soon, for you are always welcome.

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This is one department that seldom receives any notice. Many are inclined to overlook its importance. Those, however, who have the good fortune to be in some way connected with this department recognize its worth and appreciate the part it plays in the activities of the college.

### *Music Department*

At any hour of the day the music department is a busy place. As one approaches the music rooms there comes to one's ears the tinkle of pianos with now and then a roaring crescendo or breath-taking glissando, the soft sighing of singing violins, the piercing staccato of a trumpet, the merry tripping of wood winds, perhaps the deep growling voice of the bass horn, and from the distant choir room the pealing thunder of the king of instruments. As one enters the department one invariably encounters the friendly welcoming smile of that vivacious little man, the professor, beaming at one from the office at the end of the corridor or through the window of a practice room as he stands and listens to the struggles of some young musician.

Twice weekly the various organizations meet for practice. The members of the band and orchestra enjoy the peculiar delights of ensemble playing. If any one does not believe that ensemble playing is an education in itself, that it inculcates the virtues of attention, promptness, and responsibility, let him take some modest instrument such as the horn and practice the gentle art of "coming in." The choir and glee club afford their members the opportunity of learning the fundamentals of voice culture and the occasion of engaging in solo and chorus singing.

In whatever organization the students of music take part, or in whatever line of endeavor their talent urges them, they have the advantage of open opportunity and excellent guidance. Not all will become great musicians, but all can at least learn to appreciate the masterpieces and to taste of the beauty of that great art, music.

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Music enters into the life of every man. It must, in some form or other.

*Star* tell us that rhythm,  
*Dusters* an essential part of music, is the principle of the workings of the universe. The life principle of so very an infinitesimal part of the universe, man, beats in rhythmic fashion. No one can escape rhythm; no one can exclude music from his existence.

The "Star-Dusters" answer a very definite demand on the campus of St. Joe. They carry no pretensions, certainly, of a symphony orchestra, but they serve very well to fill the ears

of many with their favorites of the short-lived popular tunes of the day. The applause they receive at every appearance leaves no doubt of this. Seen most often at the Raleigh Club programs, they are regular features also at the programs of the D.M.U., and are always present at such special occasions as formal pep meetings.

Although it is by no means our intention to interfere with pianist-director Dan Peil's management of the orchestra, we do advise that he procure him a drummer. Surely no orchestra of the level of the "Star-Dusters" is complete without that most important functionary.





# SPORTS

## ST. JOE NOSES OUT CENTRAL NORMAL 2 - 0

St. Joe brought a highly successful football season to a dramatic close by defeating a stubborn Central Normal team by a score of 2 - 0. The alertness of the Cardinal machine was the main factor in determining this contest which was fought bitterly for sixty minutes of tough football. This alertness was displayed early in the first quarter, when Paul Weaver, left end, spilled the Central Normal man in the end zone for a safety, after the Normal back had juggled one of Dick Scharf's long punts. Alertness also staved off a last-minute Central Normal attack which brought the ball, through a series of short passes, to the St. Joe twenty-yard line. The attack was here stopped cold when Johnson, left half, intercepted a Normal pass in the end zone for an automatic touch-back.

The fact that St. Joe had never won a game in any sport from the downstaters and that Central would have had an excellent season if they could have gone home with a victory, were the two incentives which seemed to inspire both teams. At times the rivalry was so keen that some of the boys decided to settle it right on the field of play in the ancient sport of fisticuffs. St. Joe never gave an inch, and when the last whistle blew she had won her first athletic contest from Central Normal.

Although the score indicates that the St. Joe attack lacked zip, this was not the case. Early in the fourth quarter the Cards advanced, by means of a series of passes and end sweeps, from midfield to the six-inch line, where the Central Normal line refused to yield. A pass on the fourth down fell incomplete, and the attack failed, but not until the St. Joe machine had shown its power.

No one man is deserving of much praise in this game. It was a contest won by eleven men who had but one motive in their minds, namely, to whip Central Normal and to do it together. This is exactly the gist of what transpired in the sixty minutes of playing. There is, however, an added touch of human interest which some of us know, but which most of the fans who watched the game failed to realize. The touch of which I speak is the gameness of Nubs Dreiling. That tough right guard of the Cardinal's forward wall was hit in the solar plexus by a kickoff in the beginning of the game. Out on his feet, his gameness and courage kept him in the battle for three quarters before he finally had to give in. Laurels to you, Nubs, for the battle you put up.

Thus, fans, ends another of St. Joe's football seasons. The Cardinals finished in third place in the Indiana Conference, with a record of three wins, one loss, and one tie. St. Joe is making rapid progress in the process of boosting herself in

## THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

the sport circles of the Hoosier State.

### THAT FIGHTIN' TEAM

A greater team has ne'er been found  
To play the game on St. Joe ground.  
A forward pass or dashing run  
Was their delight from gun to gun.

Of Valpo U. they had no fear;  
They set Rose Poly on its ear.  
And Oakland City and Normal found  
Their title hopes dashed to the ground.

And so you see that St. Joe's 'leven  
Was a coach's favor sent from heaven.  
Their fighting spirit brought them fame  
And to our dear St. Joe a name!

R. S. '39

### Intramural Football

#### HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS SMASH COLLEGE

#### FRESHMEN 18 - 2

The fourth year boys evidently had a "breather" game when they rolled over the freshmen to the tune of three touchdowns against one safety. The bewildered fifths were at a loss to check the plunges of Brunner or the end sweeps of Petit. Diller, apparently the one freshman in the game who knew what it was all about, was the only thorn in the fourth year's offensive drives.

#### THIRDS BOW TO FOURTHS 12 - 0

Petit again dominated the field by scoring two touchdowns, one from a long end run, and the second on a pass. McNamara as usual did most of the ball-toting for the losers, but for the most part was held in check by the seniors' sturdy line. Much credit, however, is due to the juniors for their "never-say-die" spirit, which was in evidence in all the games in which they participated.

#### SOPHOMORES CLINCH CHAMPIONSHIP

#### FRESHMEN BOW TO PURPLE TIDE 20 - 7

Bringing the intramural football season to a fitting close, the sophomores soundly trounced a dismayed eleven. Time and again the purple line opened glaring holes for long gains by Homco and Leugers. The freshmen secondary was quite unable to stop the Homco to Kelley, and Kelley to Homco passing combination which "clicked" to perfection.

#### FINAL INTRAMURAL STANDING

	W.	L.	Total Points	Opp.
Sixths	3	0	40	13
Fourths	2	1	36	9
Fifths	1	2	22	38
Thirds	0	3	0	38

#### BASKETBALL NOTES

With the curtain down on one of the most successful football seasons ever enjoyed by St. Joe, we may well turn our attention to the forthcoming basketball season.

As for material, it is far more plentiful, and in the writer's opinion, of a higher caliber, than ever before. Among those from last year's squad who have returned there are the following: Andres, Anderson, Badke, McCarthy, Moran, Scharf, Tippmann, and Weyer. There are also several new hoopsters who give every evidence of having what it takes to make the grade. Among these Charlie Rose of Lake Forest looks particularly flashy. Akron is well represented by Manderbach and Louie Furst, the latter being of generous height. Kleinhenz, from Calvert High in Tiffin, Ohio, even though small is plenty fast and shifty. All in all, the boys look impressive.



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Dec. 27 - 28 - 29

Clark Gable — Franchot Tone — Joan Crawford in  
"LOVE ON THE RUN"

Dec. 30 - 31

Maurice Chevalier in  
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Jan. 1 - 2

Guy Kibbee — Sybil Jason in  
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